

KEMMISH's
ANNUAL HARMONIST;

A N D

WHIM OF THE NIGHT;

BEING A COMPLETE

LYRIC REPOSITORY

A N D

BANQUET OF AMUSEMENT :

CONTAINING ALL THE

MONSTROUS GOOD AND CONVIVIAL

SONGS,

SUNG THIS SEASON, AT THE THEATRES-ROYAL,

SADLER'S-WELLS, ROYAL SALOON,

VAUXHALL, BERMONDSEY-SPA, &c. &c.

LIKEWISE,

The PRESIDENT's COMPANION;

O R,

COMPLEAT TOAST-MASTER.

SOUTHWARK:

Printed and sold by (and for) W. KEMMISH, No. 17, KING-STREET,
and J. SUDBURY, No. 16, TOOLEY-STREET, Borough;

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P R E F A C E.

THIS Work having been now successfully published for eight years past, under the patronage of a generous public, it appears again at the beginning of a new one; with the most grateful acknowledgments for the favorable reception of the foregoing Editions, soliciting a further continuance of their regard, and endeavouring every year to recreate and improve.

THE Proprietors, in carrying on this performance, study to select the most amusing and entertaining SONGS, &c. so that nothing herein shall be admitted that will not prove an agreeable assistant to the convivial hour.

THE Proprietors take this opportunity to return their unfeigned thanks to their kind correspondents, and desire a continuance of their favours, for the better supplying this publication with genuine matter.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. K. is sorry to inform his generous correspondents, that through some accident many Songs have been mislaid, in consequence of which, it is not in his power to adjudge the three Prizes—but hopes they will not withhold their Favors or Productions, for next year he will, (if the Correspondents can oblige him with Copies) adjudge the Prize—or as there is likely to be a second Edition, he will adjudge the Prize, if sent by the 1st of January, 1795.

WILLIAM and SUSAN, and a new Song, from Mr. Wm. Toon, Jun. is all we can produce, except those that are wrote on subjects we cannot approve of.

We are sorry that the good talents of the Gentleman who signs his name *Citizen*, is not put to a better use—this we informed him last year.

We wish to inform the Lady that sent the elegant Poetry, which she styles a song, is not adapted for a publication of this kind, but would do better for a Magazine—therefore, she may have it again by applying at the Printing-Office—hope for her further correspondence, as we are convinced of her great abilities.

Perhaps the person that signs his name, *Laugh-and-be-Merry* thinks it funny to send such stuff for insertion, but we hold such mumbling fellows in contempt, and should laugh to see him severely exposed at a C****T***.

DESCRIPTION

OF THE NEW BUILDING, STILL CALLED

Drury Lane Theatre.

ALTHOUGH the foundation and great part of the main walls were finished some time since, and had, therefore, the advantage of drying and settling, the internal parts of the theatre have been compleated with uncommon expedition. The same circumstances which interrupted awhile the forwarding the theatre, rendered it impossible to proceed on the building around, which, together with the theatre, will form one great and complete plan, standing foremost in the rank of public edifices in the metropolis.

The convenience and safety of the public, will, besides, be very effectually provided for, by covering the footway with a colonade of the Grecian ionic order, affording shelter below, and at the same time forming a terrace before the window of the theatre above; which, when secured with ornamental iron-work, and lighted by a number of lamps, as intended, will contribute greatly to the elegance of the appearance. The plan will include an area of upwards of 220 feet in length by 155 in breadth, and the height of the building, from the substruction to the roof, is 118 feet.

The buildings which surround the theatre are faced with Portland Stone, and will be finished with a ballustrade. The theatre, which rises above them, is to be faced with stone, and finished with a ballustrade also. Through the roof rises a turret, missing a large ventilator, and a stair case, which leads to the terrace on the roof. On the summit is placed a figure of Apollo, more than ten feet high, which is to be removed to the West front when finished, and replaced by one of Shakespeare.

The accommodations for the stage are upon a much larger scale than those of any other theatre in Europe. The opening for the scenery is 43 feet wide and 38 high; after which the painter and mechanist will have a large space of 85 feet in width, 32 in length, and 110 in height, for the exertions of their respective abilities.

In the roof of the theatre are contained, besides the barrel vault, ample room for the scene-painters; and four very large reservoirs, from which water is distributed over every part of the house, for the purpose of instantly extinguishing the fire, in any part where such an accident is possible: at the same time the greatest precautions have been used to prevent any such misfortune, by the application of every kind of security that expence and ingenuity can suggest. Besides other precautions, an iron curtain has been contrived, which on any such occasion, would completely prevent all communication between the audience and the stage, where alone accidents by fire have been known to commence.

The audience part of the theatre is formed nearly on a semi-circular plan. It contains a pit, eight boxes on each side of the pit, two rows of boxes above them, and two galleries which command a full view of every part of the stage. On each side of the galleries are two more rows of boxes, rising to a cove, which is so contrived as to form the ceiling into complete circle. The proscenium, or that part of the stage which is contained between the curtain and the orchestra, is fitted up with boxes, but without any stage-door, or the usual addition of large columns. The boxes are furnished with chairs in the front rows, and behind with

benches. The trimming and covering are all of blue velvet.

The corridors which surround the boxes are spacious, and communicate with each other by means of stair-cases in the angles of the theatre. At the West end of the theatre there is a very large semi-circular room, opening by an arch to the corridors, and having fire places in it and bar rooms, from which the company may be supplied with refreshments. There are also large saloons on the North and South sides of the theatre, and also handsome square rooms : one of which is intended for his Majesty, and the other for the Prince of Wales. These rooms are fitted up in the modern taste, with large handsome pannels and glazes, and are susceptible of a great deal of decoration, which is intended to be introduced as soon as the ornaments can be obtained from the artists who are engaged in the preparation of them.

The decoration of the theatre are in a stile entirely new, and have a richness of effect, and at the same time a simplicity, which gratifies the eye without interfering with any of the decorations on the stage. The ceiling is painted in compartments of one colour only, and the same style of painting prevails through the decoration of the galleries. The front and insides of the boxes have a clear blue colour for the ground, richly ornamented in chiaro-oscuro.

The different rows are supported by silver columns of antique forms, and the cut-glass lustres are attached to these columns by silver brackets. In the centre pannels, on the front of the boxes are introduced paintings, by Rebecca, from antique subjects. Besides the silver columns which support the boxes, there are four principal square, but small pillars, which support the ceiling, and are decorated with looking-glasses. The sound-board or ceiling of the proscenium is painted in compartments, and in the front of the proscenium is introduced the Royal arms, with trophies, and other suitable accompaniments.

The entrances to the theatre, while the bill in Parliament is pending, necessarily fall short of the convenience which

is intended. From Ruffel-street there are two box entrances into a large hall, decorated with columns; another entrance which leads to the gallery stair-case, and also a private entrance for his Majesty.

On the other side of the theatre, next Marquis-court, the same entrances are repeated; but, till the new street, (which is to be called Wooburn-street) is opened, these can only be approached by foot-passengers, or by company in chairs. As a chair-door, the box entrance on that side is at present more compleat than any other public building in London. There are five other entrances to the theatre, also incompleat, one next Bridges-street for the pit, one for the boxes, two for the galleries, and one in Drury-lane for the stage.

According to the plan, it will be the first and most compleat edifice of the kind in Europe, and worthy the capital in which it stands.





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I N D E X,

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THE
ANNUAL HARMONIST,
AND
WHIM OF THE NIGHT.

A NEW SONG.

(Wrote on purpose for this Work.)

BY WILLIAM TOON, JUN.

Tune—HEARTS OF OAK.

BBRITANNIA still boasts herself Queen of the main,
For Gallia's proud navy subdu'd is again ;
Triumphant ! see France on her banners appear,
See her foes fraught with rage intermingled with fear :
Then join in this song, honest Britons, with me,
May our foes find us steady,
Let's ever be ready,
To maintain our pre-eminence over the sea.
Then join, &c.

Proud France in vain threatens our isle to invade,
To notice such threats would a Briton degrade;
But should they attempt to approach near our shore,
We will conquer or never return to it more.

For Britons shall e'er be united and free,

In the just cause be steady,

Resolute and ready,

To maintain their pre-eminence over the sea.

For Britons, &c.

Let intestine divisions ne'er sully our isle,
May faction's intrigues on its vot'ries recoil;
Let firm unanimity reign in its place,
And traitors receive their deserved disgrace.

With one voice, then each Briton, will joyfully sing,

Confound Revolution,

No new Constitution,

Shall make us revolt from our Church and our King.

With one voice, &c.

Then drink to the King, and success to the Fleet,
Who so lately with thunder th' Carmagnols did greet;
May we still reign triumphant upon the wide main,
And chastise all our foes 'till lov'd-peace we regain.

Then join in this song honest Britons with me.

May our foes find us steady,

Let's ever be ready

To maintain our pre-eminence over the sea.

Then join, &c.

WILLIAM AND SUSAN.

BY S. S.

(Wrote on Purpose for this Work.)

RECITATIVE.

TH E Sea was calm, fair SUSAN's fears were o'er,
She saw with joy the ship approach the shore ;
In which she hoped her faithful tar might be
Return'd as constant as he went to sea ;
He anxious to behold his native land,
With rapture saw his SUSAN on the strand :
The handkerchief, her gift, he then display'd,
While thus transported, sang the charming maid.

SONG.

Tune—THIS HAPPY ISLE.

O welcome, welcome to my arms,
My WILLIAM once again ;
No more encounter wars alarms,
But here with me remain :
The conflict's o'er then why pursue,
That doubtful path the sea
I'll never wish to part from you,
Then do not you from me.

O happy day in which my dear
 Quits the dread tempest's rage ;
 To raise my hope, dispel my fear,
 And every grief assuage.
 Then never, never more pursue
 The dangers of the sea,
 I'll never wish to part from you,
 Then do not you from me.

RECITATIVE.

WILLIAM attentive heard the tender strain,
 And oft in silence, wished the land to gain ;
 He feared—unhappy youth his fears too true—
 He feared he ne'er should reach his faithful SUE.
 Portentous clouds appeared, the winds did blow,
 The foaming billows threaten'd future woe,
 The sky look'd black, all hope now left his breast,
 Yet in fond strains, he thus the maid address'd :—

SONG.

*Tune—*JACK'S FIDELITY.

O grieve not my SUSAN, nor rail at hard fate,
 Which thus puts an end to our love ;
 For soon we shall meet, my dear girl, soon or late,
 If not here, in the regions above :
 One thought, e'en in danger, e'er yet cheer'd my heart,
 Your image with pleasure I view ;
 When I think, tho' now from the world should I depart,
 I have ever been constant to SUE.

Could I think that my SUSAN, yet happy might be,
 I should dread not the force of the wave ;
 How dreadful the shock her dear WILLIAM to see
 Swallow'd up in a watery grave :
 I'm resign'd to my fate, and all dangers defy,
 There's a glorious harbour in view :
 And my comfort will be, tho' this minute I die,
 I have ever been constant to SUE.

RECITATIVE.

He could no more—the winds with dreadful howl,
 The lightning's flash, and thunder's mighty roll,
 Disturb'd the song, “all hands” was now the cry,
 While rose the foaming billows mountains high,
 To escape the fate of all his comrades brave,
 (For the ship sunk) he leapt into the wave.
 SUSAN, in silent sorrow, wept in vain,
 She saw her WILLIAM buffetting the main ;
 At last convinc'd, he could not reach the shore,
 And that she ne'er would see her WILLIAM more,
 Headlong she plung'd—adieu, she fondly cried,
 She caught her WILLIAM's eye, then sunk and died.
 While in vain efforts to regain the shore,
 He sunk, and sunk, alas ! to rise no more.

FINALE.

Tune—O HAPLESS TAR, UNTO THY SHADE.
 Ah ! hapless pair, your mournful fate
 Must call the pitying tear ;
 But blest in your future state,
 May ye at last appear.

Where happiness will be your lot,
 Where grief and care is o'er :
 Where former troubles are forgot,
 In joy for evermore.

.....

THE LASS NEAR PRIMROSE HILL

(SEE THE VIGNETTE.)

Time—RICHMOND HILL.

TH E morning smil'd serenely gay,
 All nature beam'd delight,
 The songster hail'd the birth of May,
 Each prospect charm'd the sight ;
 'Twas there I saw a lovely maid,
 And think I see her still,
 In all the pride of youth display'd,
 The lass near Primrose Hill.

Health bloom'd the virgin's cheerful face,
 And mirth inspir'd her tongue,
 Blythe as the goddess of the chase,
 She tun'd her artless song.
 How charming was the pleasing maid,
 I think I see her still,
 In all the pride of youth display'd,
 The lass near Primrose Hill.

Sweet sung the linnet and the thrush,
 Upon the bending spray,
 And vocal was each vernal bush,
 In rapture with the May ;
 Enraptur'd then I view'd the maid,
 And I think I see her still,
 In all the pride of youth display'd,
 The lass near Primrose Hill.

.....

A NEW SONG.

WOULD you wish for to know how mankind are
 abfur'd,

View the fine fangl'd tonfor with ruffles and sword ;
 See bob-wigs and bags, short *queues* and long carrot,
 With ma'am in her hoop, stepping down from a garret.

Derry down.

See the delicate sprouts that from cabbage do flow,
 Tho' it mares many bucks, yet it forms a new beau ;
 For snip's a gallant, with his fine cabbag'd skirt,
 Two ruffles he'll shew, without e'er a shirt.

Derry down.

There's the high mett'l'd beauty, and Billingsgate queen,
 The boxers so knowing, and sharper so keen ;
 They'll each knock you down, fir, and think it no sin,
 With their tricks and manœuvres, to take the flats in.

Derry down.

THE MOST FAVORITE
AIRS, DUETS, SONGS, CHORUSES, &c.

INTRODUCED IN THE MUSICAL ROMANCE OF

LODOISKA:

Performed at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-lane.

CHORUS—Messrs. DIGNUM and SEDGWICK.

LET's advance—we see no danger,
All around is hush as night.

Mr. SUETT, &c.

To each heart pale fear's a stranger,
Honor bids us to the fight.

CHORUS—Mr. COOKE, &c. &c.

Kera Khan, whene'er you head us,
Dauntless to the charge we go;
Gallant chief, then instant lead us
On to conquest, and our foe.

AIR—MR. KELLY.

LODOISKA, wide over the world
 I'll roam, till I find thee, my fair ;
 Thy charms shall banish
 Cold despair :
 Love's torch shall illumine
 The desert's thick gloom,
 And guide with cheering ray
 Thy pilgrim's doubtful way.
 But, alas !
 Should cruel destiny ordain,
 That our true love
 Must hapless prove,
 And we are ne'er to meet again ;
 'Tis malice I'll defy,
 And for my Lodoiska die.

.....

SONG—MR. SUETT.

HARK ! hark ! the music—
 Oh ! charming dinning !
 The guests are seated,
 They're all beginning :

With the dancing fiddle,
 Shrill-squeaking hautboy,
 The tink'ling harp too,
 The lively trumpet,
 The drum so angry,
 The bells so merry,
 The buzzing cymbal,
 The grumbling bass—
 And these delights I've lost
 By your wedding's being crost.

Look, look around, fir,
 The grave ones bridle,
 The youths all noddle,
 The maidens fiddle
 To the dancing fiddle,
 Shrill-squeaking hautboy,
 The tink'ling harp too,
 Soft am'rous flute, fir,
 And lively trumpet,
 The drum so angry,
 The bells so merry,
 The buzzing cymbal,
 And grumbling bass—
 Oh, wouldn't it vex one to miss
 Such a ravishing concert as this !

QUARTETTO and CHORUS.

Mr. BARRYMORE, Mr. DIGNUM, Mr. SUETT, and
Mr. KELLY.

WE swear, and all our hordes around us,
By the swift arrow and the bow,
Tho' countless perils should surround us,
Who injures them becomes our foe.

Mr. KELLY.

Accept our thanks, illustrious chief,
Thy faith and courage well we know,
And, if it could admit relief,
Such friends might soothe Floreski's woe.

CHORUS—Mr. COOKE, &c. &c.

We swear, and all our hordes around us,
By the swift arrow and the bow,
Tho' countless perils should surround us,
Who injures them becomes our foe.

.....

AIR.—Mrs. CROUCH.

YE streams, that round my prison creep,
If on your mossy banks you see
My gallant lover stand and weep,
Oh, murmur this command from me ;—
Thy mistress bids thee haste away,
And shun the broad-eyed, watchful day.

Ye gales that love with me to fight,
 If in your breezy flight you see
 My dear Floreski ling'ring nigh,
 Oh, whisper this command from me ;—
 Thy mistress bids thee haste away,
 And shun the broad-eyed watchful day.

.....

AIR—MR. KELLY.

DESCEND, some warring angel,
 In light'ning to my aid,
 To blast the savage tyrant,
 And right an injur'd maid !
 Subdued by fate to you I kneel :
 You look like men, like men should feel.—
 Fool ! not to know,
 They laugh at woe.

Descend, some warring angel,
 In light'ning to my aid,
 To blast the savage tyrant,
 And right an injur'd maid !
 Let my Lodoiska's charms
 In your hearts compassion move ;
 Soldiers, consecrate your arms
 At the shrine of faithful love.

Descend, some warring angel,
 In light'ning to my aid,
 To blast the savage tyrant,
 And right an injur'd maid !

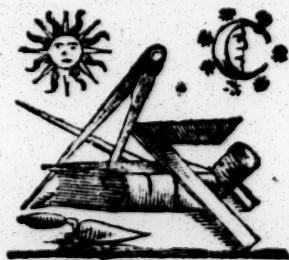
AIR.—Master WALSH.

SWEET bird that cheer'st the heavy hours
Of winter's dreary reign :
O, still exert thy tuneful pow'rs,
And pour the vocal strain.

Go not to seek a scanty fare
From nature's frozen hand,
Whilst I, with gratitude, prepare
The food thy wants demand.

Domestic bird, with me remain,
Until next verdant spring
Again shall bring the woodland train,
Their grateful tribute bring.

Sweet Robin, then thou may'st explore
And join the feather'd throng,
And ev'ry vocal bush shall pour
The energy of song.



THE WHIRLIGIG.

Written, Delivered and Sung,

BY MR. THOMAS DIBDIN.

PATRONS of Genius ! ye, whose awful frown
 Presumption checks, whose smile confers renown ;
 Who ne'er withhold the tribute of applause,
 Which Merit claims from Truth's unerring laws ;
 But come, determin'd in each generous breast,
 To approve what's pleasing, and pass by the rest !
 To-night, to your kind auspices resign'd,
 My Muse from you her future fate must find.
 Laugh where you can—her drooping fires 'twill raise—
 And nobly pardon, where you cannot praise.

There is nothing so opposite to human ideas of pleasure as *sameness*. The most refined gratifications pall upon repetition, and without variety we cannot exist. A WHIRLIGIG, therefore, must have uncommon attraction, since there is scarcely a circumstance in life which may not be justly compared to one. Mankind are a set of Whirligigs, that exist only by motion ; and will continue to whirl round, in a vortex of good and bad, till the Whirligig of Time has run it's course, and this great Whirligig, the world, shall—

“ Like the baseless fabrick of a vision,
 Leave not a wreck behind ! ”

SONG.

SOME call the world a Lottery, where all play games of
 chance, fir,

Some say it is a Masquerade, and some a Country-dance, fir,
 But spite of all your learned men, with scratch, or bob or
 curly-wig,

I'll give the world another name, and christen it a *Whirligig* :
 Where still we follow, as it runs so merrily around, fir ;
 And may no honest heart it holds, be ever left aground, fir.

The law runs round too fast for us tell one side from t'other,
 fir,

Or know the worthy counsel Quiz, from Lawyer Quirk,
 his brother, fir ;

A wise man it would puzzle just as easy as a dunce, fir,
 For lawyers often find a way to serve two sides at once, fir,
 While still we follow, as they run so merrily around, fir :
 And may no honest heart by law be ever left aground, fir !

For gold, that pretty Whirligig, the Doctor's at your call, fir,
 And ev'ry ill, so great his skill, he's sure to kill them all, fir :
 At least, 'tis what he'll promise ; and, to prove his word no
 feather, fir,

He'll sometimes kill the malady and patient both together, fir.
 While still we follow, as they run so merrily around, fir ;
 And may no honest feeling heart be ever left aground, fir !

The French—why, they're all Whirligigs, in constant re-
 volution,

Whose orators dare threaten our good English constitution &

Poor fellows, let them chatter, we're not yet come to that
pass, fir,

To let a Frenchman kill us with the jaw-bone of an afs, fir;
But George we'll follow loyally ; aye, all the world around,
fir ;

And may no honest, loyal heart, be ever left aground, fir !

I have called this Entertainment—if I may be permitted the expression—by the name of a WHIRLIGIG ; because, like other whirligig conversations, it will run over a variety of subjects without dwelling long upon any. What a Whirligig is Fashion ! By virtue of this magick word, we can reconcile any natural contradiction. The Beau, who but yesterday wore a hat like a circumference of Arthur's round table, to-day reduces it the diameter of a mushroom. This week cropt like a cock for fighting ; the next, with a queue as long as—Lackington's catalogue. Fashion has even extended to *literary* pursuits : hence the study of Physiognomy—a science, however, as much to be doubted, as followed ; and, in either case, of little use, while the male creation conceal the lower part of the countenance under a cloud of cravat, and the ladies entirely defeat the plan ; for they—

Equally hiding foils and graces,

By way of curtain, paint their faces !

SONG.

LET Physionomists say all they can,

'Tis at best but a simpleton's study ;

To think you can fathom a man ;

Because he's black, yellow or ruddy :

Did courage consist in a look,
 Some captains would not look so big;
 And the judge would be sadly mistook,
 Who for wisdom rely'd on his wig.

If the heart could be read in the face,
 'Twould save us from many a bubble;
 Prevent us a world of disgrace,
 And keep us secure from all trouble:
 Professions we never need doubt,
 If the eye were the touchstone of those;
 And a rogue would be quickly found out,
 By marking the length of his nose.

On my faith! it seems foolish enough,
 Tho' a finger or back should be hooked,
 That the mind with the form must be rough,
 And the conscience prove equally crooked;
 Should your nose, by mischance, stand awry,
 The devil must surely be in't,
 If your friends need be cautious and shy,
 Because a man happens to squint.

Fearful on liberal candour to impose,
 My bold attempt now hastens to a close:
 One subject more, alone, I dare intrude;
 That subject you have furnish'd—GRATITUDE.

SONG.

YOUR claims to my gratitude how shall I pay,
 Or utter my thanks for your favours to night;
 To accord with my feelings I nothing can say,
 For justice to do them, expression's too light!
 Yet, as silence might make me ungrateful appear,
 And in your good opinion my sentiments wrong.
 I have try'd if my Muse would my conduct excuse,
 And your kindness endeavour to pay with a song,

May pleasure attend you wherever you go;
 And fearless of care, may you happily live;
 And only by name may ye misery know,
 But enjoy ev'ry bliss that is Heav'n's to give.
 May fruition anticipate every wish;
 May your lives, like your pleasures, be all very long;
 And your time, till the end, may you cheerfully spend,
 And this will I sing to the end of my song.

.....

FAVOURITE CLEE.

DEAR women, and wine, are the pride of my heart,
 To my CHLOE—I drink it sincerely;
 Tho' her eyes are so killing—they through my soul dart,
 Here's a bumper to her I love dearly.

THE HUNTSMAN'S RHAPSODY.

SUNG BY MRS. WEWITZER,

AT BERMONDSEY-SPA.

OF horses, and hounds, who scud swift o'er the plain,
Praise has oft wing'd its notes to the sky:
While echoing horns have repeated the strain,
And join'd in the Huntsman's fall cry.

*My wife I declare, then, the place gives me my song,
For naught can compare to this;
O'er Mountains, through valleys, we spunk it along;
With tating, tating, kark forward! hoarse boys.*

Th' exercise ever gives health its warm glow,
And yields to refreshment a zest,
How sweetly to friendship the bottle will flow,
When return'd, plenty welcomes each guest.
My wife, &c.

Our hounds truly train'd, are of excellent breed,
(Brother sportsman I'm yours while I've breath,)
Our horses are ne'er to be quell'd in speed,
And we always are in at the death.
My wife, &c.

From the Shades could I old Nimrod, that hunter so old,
Be permitted to view our domain,
Our horses, our hounds, and our Huntsmen so bold,
He'd wish to pass life over again.
My wife, &c.

OLD TOWLER.

Sung with universal Applause, by Mr. INCLEDON,

At the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

BRIGHT Chanticleer proclaims the dawn,
 And spangles deck the thorn ;
 The lowing herds now quit the lawn
 The lark springs from the corn :
 Dogs, huntsmen round the window throng
 Fleet Towler leads the cry ;
Arise the burden of the song
 This day a Stag must die !
 With a hey ho, chivey !
 Hark forward, tantivy,
 Arise the burthen of the song,
 This day a Stag must die.

The cordial takes its merry round,
 The laugh and joke prevail :
 The huntsman blows a jovial sound,
 The dogs snuff up his gale.
 The upland winds they sweep along,
 O'er fields thro' break they fly,
 The game is rouz'd, too true the song,
 This day a Stag must die.

With a hey ho. &c.

Poor Stag the dog thy bunches gore,
 The tears run down thy face ;
 The huntmen's pleasure is no more,
 His joys were in the chace.
 Alike the sportman of the town,
 The virgin game in view,
 Are full content to run them down,
 Then they in turn pursue.

With a hey, ho, chirry, &c.

.....

THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER.

BY MR. ROMER.

TH O' late and early do I pad,
 And bawling sweep, foot, ho,
 Yet still I am as blith a lad,
 As e'er you'd wish to know ;
 And when the ladies fine I hear
 Cry, take care of the sweep,
 Ladies, says I, you need not fear,
 But I'm for them too deep ;
 For I gives them a smut,
 Of my bag full of foot :
 They cry curse you, mind how you go !
 Dear me, ma'am, says I,
 It was just brushing by,
 And I'm off with my sweep, foot, ho, &c.

And when disguis'd I meet the devil,
 I love to have some fun ;
 A lawyer, I mean, the greatest evil
 That thrives beneath the sun ;
 For sure the both, beyond a doubt,
 Are to the devil a-kin,
 The difference is, I'm black without,
 The lawyer's black within ;
 I gives him a smut,
 Of my bag full of foot,
 He crys, damnit, mind how you go !
 Sir, says I, pray,
 Do keep out of the way,
 And I'm off with my—sweep, foot, ho, &c.

Your flashy folks, drest fine and gay,
 As thro' the streets I go,
 All in an instant clear the way,
 At the found of—sweep, foot, ho !
 And thus I gammons all the folks,
 I care not, great or small ;
 I laughs, I sings, I cracks my jokes,
 And something says to all ;
 For I gives them a smut,
 Of my bag full of foot :
 They cry prithee mind how you go !
 O dear, fir ! says I,
 It was just brushing by,
 And I'm off with my—sweep, foot, ho, &c.

A NEW HUMOROUS MEDLEY.

TOM TACKLE was noble, was true to his word ;
 If merit brought titles, TOM might be a lord :
 How gaily, his bark, thro' life's ocean wou'd sail :
 Truth finish'd the rigging—

When I took my departure, from Dublin's sweet city.
 And for England's own felicity, thro' the seas I did plough ;
 For three days long was I tofs'd up and down—

Peaceful slumb'ring on the ocean,
 Seamen fear no dangers nigh :
 The winds and waves, in gentle motion,
 Sooths them with—

*O*b, the bonny, bonny bells,
 How I love to hear them found ;
 Far and near—

The lads of the village, so merrily ah !
 Sound the tabor, I'll hand thee along ;
 And I say unto thee—

Curtis was old Hodge's wife,
 For virtue, none was such :
 She led so pure, so chaste a life,
 Hodge said—

Here, a sheer hulk lies, poor Tom Bowling,
 The darling of our crew :
 No more, he'll hear the tempest howling,
 For death—

To Bachelors-hall, we good fellows invite,
 To partake of the chace, that makes up our delight :
 We have spirits like—

Jolly Dick, the lamplighter,
They say, the sun's my dad :
And truly I believe—

That all men are beggars, you plainly may see,
For beggars there are, of every degree ;
Tho' none are so blest, or as happy as we,
Which nobody can deny, which nobody can deny.

.....

THE NEW MARINERS.

SUNG AT THE PUBLIC CONCERTS.

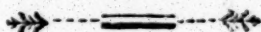
YO U Gentlemen of England who live at home at ease,
Ah ! little do you think upon the dangers of the seas,
Give ear unto the Mariners, and they will plainly show,
All the cares,
And the fears,
When the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us when England is at wars,
With any foreign nations, we fear no wounds nor fears :
Our roaring Guns shall teach them our valour for to know,
While they reel,
On the keel,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Then courage all have Mariners, and never be afraid,
While we have bold adventurers we ne'er shall want a trade,
Our Merchants will employ us to bring them wealth I know,
Then be bold,
Work for gold,
When the stormy winds do blow.

—O—
NEW SONGS,

SUNG AT VAUXHALL.



THE SWEETEST FLOWER OF YARROW.

SUNG BY MRS. MOUNTAIN.

SAY, have you seen young SANDY fair,
Ye shepherds tell me true,
Last night he left me in despair,
And sighing, cry'd---adieu !
Oh, where can he stray, the bonny boy ;
Return my winsome marrow,
And fill this aching heart with joy,
Thou sweetest flow'r of Yarrow.

Oft by pale moonlight, thro' the mead,
My SANDY low'd to stray ;
Then sweetly on his oaten reed
He pip'd so blith and gay.
And oft beneath the shady tree,
He call'd me his bonny marrow,
And vow'd he'd still be true to me,
The sweetest flow'r of Yarrow.

Adieu, ye nymphs and woodland swains,
 Each valley, dale, and grove,
 Ye verdant meads and flow'ry plains
 Where we were wont to rove.
 This doleful tale, some pensive swain
 May tell wi mickle sorrow ;
 How MARY dy'd wi grief and pain,
 For the sweetest flow'r of Yarrow.

.....

SWEET GIRL, BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

SUNG BY MRS. FRANKLIN.

'T WAS a beautiful night and the stars they shone bright,
 When JOHNNY came tripping along,
 He warbled a tune by the light of the moon,
 And thus run the theme of his song :
 O PHILLIS, my dear, thy lover is here,
 And the nightingale too is in tune,
 Then prithee don't stay, I've something to say,
 Sweet girl, by the light of the moon.

The elegant youth, I lov'd for his truth,
 And instantly flew to his arms,
 When so gentle and kind he prov'd to my mind,
 It banish'd a maiden's alarms.
 To-morrow, he cry'd, shall make thee a bride ;
 Ah, no ! I reply'd, it's too soon ;
 But still still he press'd, O grant my request,
 Sweet girl, by the light of the moon.

To keep him in pain was surely in vain,
 For tho' I attempted to frown,
 My little heart beat as he knelt at my feet,
 And my hand dropp'd unknowingly down ;
 Transported with blifs, he gave it a kifs,
 And pleaded so tender his boon ;
 I promis'd next day, a husband might say,
 Sweet girl, by the light of the moon.

.....

A SMILE FROM THE LOVELY BROWN MAID,

SUNG BY MR. TAYLOR.

W H E N May-scented zephyrs breathe gladness around,
 Enliv'ning the meadow and grove,
 And in each mossy cottage contentment is found,
 Crown'd with health, peace, retirement and love :
 When far from the village the swains they retire,
 To seek for some lovely sweet shade ;
 Grant me health, rosy health, all I ask and desire,
 With a smile from my lovely brown maid.

When the flocks bleat around me upon the wide plain,
 Contented I lie at my ease,
 Then at eve I retire, free from sorrow and pain,
 To enjoy the sweet soft fragrant breeze :
 When music and gladness are heard through the grove,
 Oft by moonlight I steal from the shade ;
 And o'er hills and deep vallies unheeded I rove,
 For a smile from my lovely brown maid.

Each morn I rise happy, each night I lay down,
 With a heart free from envy and care,
 In my plain humble cottage, far from the gay town,
 With my neighbours each comfort I share ;
 I envy no monarch, I boast not of wealth,
 No troubles my cot e'er invade,
 All the blessings I ask are the blessings of health,
 And a smile from my lovely brown maid.

.....

THE CALEDONIAN LADDY.

SUNG BY MRS. FRANKLIN.

BLITHE SANDY is a bonny boy,
 And always is a wooing ;
 Nor is he e'er too bold or coy,
 Altho' he is so looing.
 Last night he prefs'd me to his breast,
 And vow'd he'd ask my Daddy O,
 O dear ! to wed me he confests'd,
 The Caledonian Laddy O.

*My bonny bonny bonny Highland boy,
 My Caledonian Laddy O.*

The maidens try both far and near,
 To gain young SANDY over ;
 But all their arts I dinna fear,
 He winna prove a rover.

For sure he told me frank and free,
Unknown to Mam or Daddy O ;
He'd marry none---ah, no ! but me --
The Caledonian Laddy O,

My bonny, &c.

The other day, from Dundee Fair,
He brought me home a bonnet,
A cap and ribbons for my hair,
But mark what soon came on it :
As late at kirk we somehow stood,
In spite of Mam or Daddy O ;
He marry'd me, do all I cou'd---
The Caledonian Laddy O.

My bonny, &c.

.....

FEW ARE SO HAPPY AS ELLEN AND I.

SUNG BY MR. DIGNUM.

IN Spring when the cowslips adorn the green vale,
And the larks early melody wakes the fresh morn ;
When the ploughman toils hard o'er the hill and the dale,
Or join in the chace at the sound of the horn.
Then weary'd with labour to ELLEN I fly ;
And few are so happy as ELLEN and I.

In Summer when nymphs to the meadows repair,
 And trip round the hayrick all joyous and gay;
 When each swain whispers soft a love-tale to his fair,
 And mirth, love, and innocence crowns the long day.
 Then to some shady grove with my ELLEN I fly.
 And few are so happy as ELLEN and I.

In Autumn when plenty enlivens the scene,
 And round the pill'd sheaves see the reapers all roam;
 When the youngsters at eve gather round on the green,
 To join the fond dance and proclaim harvest home.
 Then oft in the throng her sweet form I espy;
 And few are so happy as ELLEN and I.

In Winter when Boreas blows keen through the vale,
 And wither'd and leafless the trees all appear;
 When round the warm hearth flies the song, jest, and tale,
 To beguile the long nights in this season severe.
 Then to ELLEN's snug cottage transported I fly;
 And few are so happy as ELLEN and I.

.....

I HOPE TO MARRY CHARLEY.

SUNG BY MISS MILNE.

W H E N at Bellona's loud alarm,
 The trump of Fame was sounded,
 Young CHARLEY felt the valour warm,
 With which his breast abounded.

Adieu, said he, my charming fair,
 I for a time must leave thee ;
 But while I'm far away, beware,
 Lest Flatt'ry should deceive thee.
 And then he left his native shore,
 Nor longer staid to parley ;
 But after all the wars are o'er,
 I hope to marry CHARLEY.

Tho' daily teaz'd by rival swains,
 Who fancy me forsaken,
 They got their labour for their pains,
 And find themselves mistaken.
 To wrong so brave a lad, you know,
 Would be a shameful story,
 Who nobly dares to face the foe,
 And fight for Britain's glory.
 Ah ! no, indeed—on such a score
 I'll never stand to parley ;
 Because, when all the wars are o'er,
 I mean to marry CHARLEY.

Methinks that ev'ry passing gale,
 Unwelcome tidings bearing,
 Conveys to me some doleful tale,
 Poor CHARLEY's fate declaring.
 But Hope again assures my mind
 That *Providence* will guard him ;
 That Fortune still to Valour kind,
 With laurels will reward him.

His rivals now I daily shun,
Nor stand with them to parley ;
Determin'd, when the wars are done,
To give my hand to CHARLEY.

.....

BRITONS EVER SHALL BE FREE.

SUNG BY MR. BANNISTER.

In the Entertainment of "*The Glorious First of June.*"

[Performed at Drury-Lane Theatre, for the Benefit of the Widows and Children of the Brave Tars who fell on that memorable Day.]

The Words by the Duke of Leeds.

O'ER the vast surface of the deep,
Britain shall still her empire keep ;
Her Heav'n-descended charter, long
The fav'rite theme of Glory's song,
Shall still proclaim the blest decree,
That—Britons ever shall be free.

Tho' hostile bands in fierce array,
Dare to dispute her sov'reign sway ;
Thro' savage fury nurs'd in gore,
Boast to despoil her silver shore,
Heav'n still supports its blest decree,
That Britons ever shall be free.

'Twas thus with HOWE, illustrious name
Still adding to a life of fame,
Thro' Gallia's proud Armada broke, |
And Albion's wrath in thunder spoke,
While Vict'ry sanction'd the decree,
That Britons ever shall be free.

Hail, happy Britain, favor'd isle !
Where Freedom, Arts, and Commerce smile ;
Long may thy GEORGE in glory prove
The transport's of a nation's love !
Long reign to guard the blest decree,
That Briton's ever shall be free !

.....

H O W E,

A N D

THE GLORIOUS FIRST OF JUNE,

SUNG BY MR. SEGDWICK.

The Words by the Earl of Mulgrave.

OUR line was formed, the French lay to,
One sigh I gave to POLL on shore,
Too cold I thought my last adieu—
Our parting kisses seem'd soo few,
If we should meet no more.

Howe's daring signal floats on high ;
 I see thro' roaring cannon's smoke—
 Their awful line subdu'd and broke,
 They strike—they sink—they fly !

*Now, danger past, we'll drink and joke !
 Sing—Rule, Britannia ; Hearts of Oak ;—
 And toast before each martial tune—
 Howe, and the Glorious First of June !*

My limb struck off, let soothing art,
 The chance of war to POLLY explain :
 Proud of the loss, I feel no smart,
 But as it wrings my POLLY's heart
 With sympathetic pain.
 Yet she will think, with love so tried,
 Each scar a beauty in my face,
 And as I strut, with martial pride,
 On timber-toe by POLLY's side,
 Will call my limp a grace.

At dangers past, we'll laugh, &c.

Farewell to every sea delight,
 The cruize with eager watchful days,
 The skilful chace by glimm'ring night,
 The well work'd ship—the gallant fight,
 The lov'd Commander praise :
 Yet POLLY's love and constancy,
 With prattling babes more joy shall bring,
 Proud when my boys shall first at sea
 Follow great Howe to victory,
 And serve our noble King !

Then, danger past, we'll drink, &c.

A HEAVE AT THE ANCHOR.

SUNG BY MR. JOHANNOT.

At the Royal Saloon—In the Fall of Martinica.

Words by Mr. Atley, senr.

HEAVE, my lads, and bear ashore,
England's bulwarks soon shall roar ;
British thunder shall be hurl'd
On the tyrants of the world.

CHORUS—BY SAILORS.

*As we heave at the anchor, my boys, let us sing,
Success to old England, and God bless the King.*

To defend our rights and laws,
Half the world is in our cause ;
Damme, but the French shall see
What is English liberty.

As we heave, &c.

Now the Manfieurs soon shall know,
How we Britons treat the foe—
Martinique shall soon declare,
Britons conquer but to spare.

As we heave, &c.

O DEAR! WHAT WILL BECOME OF US?

SUNG BY MESSRS. JOHANNOT and DECASTRO,

In the Characters of a FOP and a SERJEANT,

At the Royal Saloon,—in the Siege of Valenciennes.

FOP.

O DEAR, what will become of us?

SERJEANT.

Dare me how the Frenchmen will run from us!

FOP.

Dear, dear, they will kill every one of us!

SERJEANT.

Let them come on if they dare;

FOP.

They'll take us for certain, and kill us and eat us,

Instead of soup meagre——

SERJEANT.

——But first they must beat us;

FOP.

I hope, Mr. Serjeant, they'll never defeat us:

SERJEANT.

O yes, they shall dance in the air.

FOP.

O dear, what will become of us?

SERJEANT.

O, blood-and-ouns, don't bodder us,

FOP.

O Lord, I am afraid they'll halter us;

SERJEANT.

Bad luck to you, what brought you here?

FOP.

O Lord, do but go, Sir, and I shall be easy,

SERJEANT.

By my soul, hold your tongue, or I'll tickle your jasey.

FOP.

O dear, I shall faint, or most surely go crazy,

SERJEANT.

Blood and thunder, what have you to fear ?

FOP.

O dear, what are you saying, Sir ?

SERJEANT.

Come, come, don't you be staying, Sir,

FOP.

Dear, dear ! where are we staying, Sir ?

SERJEANT.

To the Siege without murmur repair.

FOP.

To the Siege I dare never repair !

I wish I was at home, and in Tavistock-street again.

SERJEANT.

By my soul it's a pity you ever should meet again.

FOP.

I fear the Monsieurs, Sir, will never retreat again.

SERJEANT.

We'll make them, my dear, in a pantie retreat again.

FOP.

O that I had something, dear Sir, for to eat again.

SERJEANT.

By the Lord, how we'd lather away.

FOP.

O Lord, let us both run away.

E

THREE TIMES THREE.

SUNG BY MR. TAYLOR.

AT VAUXHALL.

MY jovial friends, with social glee,
 The bottle now we'll pass ;
 Each bosom charg'd with loyalty ;
 With good old port each glass ;
 The bumpers fill'd, the toast shall be—
 The Church and King—with three times three !

While Britain's sons with martial fire,
 And patriot ardor glow,
 While they to warlike deeds aspire,
 And pant to meet the foe :
 To British arms, by land and sea,
 We'll drink success, with three times three !

The lovely nymphs of Albion's isle,
 With pleasure then we'll toast,
 And beauty's fascinating smile,
 Shall be each Briton's boast :
 The bumpers fill'd, the toast shall be—
 The British Fair—with three times three !

DEAR MARY.

SUNG BY MR. DIGNUM,
AT VAUXHALL.

YO U tell me, dear girl, that I'm given to rove,
That I sport with each lass on the green ;
That I join in the dance, and sing sonnets of love,
And still with the fairest am seen.
With my hey derry down, and my hey down derry,
Around the green meadows so blith and so merry,
With black, brown, and fair I frolic'd, 'tis true ;
But I never lov'd any, dear Mary, but you.

Tho' Phillis or Nancy, are nam'd in my song,
My eyes will still wander to you ;
Not to Phillis or Nancy my raptures belong ;
To you, and you only, they're due ;
With my hey derry down, and my hey down derry,
Around the green meadows so blith and so merry,
My songs are of pleasure and beauty 'tis true ;
But I never lov'd any, dear Mary, but you.

In those eyes, you may read a fond heart all your own ;
But, alas ! 'tis the language of love ;
My feelings you'd pity, that language once known,
Ah ! learn it, all doubts to remove ;
With my hey derry down, and my hey down derry,
Around the green meadows so blith and so merry,
You'll ne'er find a heart that's more fond and more true ;
For I never lov'd any, dear Mary, but you.

FATHER, MOTHER, AND SUKE.

SAYS my father, says he, one day to I,
 Thou knowest by false friends we are undone,
 Should my lawsuit be lost, then thy good fortune try
 Among our relations in London :
 Here's Sukey, the poor orphan child of friend Grist,
 Who once kept thy father from starving,
 When thy fortune thou'st made, thou shalt take by the fist,
 For a wife, for she's good and deserving :
 But mind thee, in heart, this one maxim, Jack,
 As thou'st read thy good fate in a book,
 Make honor thy guide, or else never come back,
 To father, and mother, and Suke.

So I bust Suke and mother, and greatly concern'd,
 Off I set, with father's kind blessing,
 To our cousin the wine-merchant, where I soon learn'd
 About mixing, and brewing, and pressing ;
 But the shoe-juice, and rat's-bane, and all that fine joke,
 Was soon in my stomach arising ;
 Why, dom it, cry'd I, would you kill the poor folk,
 I thought you sold wine and not poison ;
 Your place, my good cousin, won't do for your Jack,
 To make your broth another gues's cook ;
 Besides, without honor, I cannot go back,
 To father, and mother, and Suke.

To my uncle, the doctor, I next went my ways,
 He teach'd me the mystery quickly,
 Of those that were dying to shorten their days,
 And they in good health to make sickly :
 O the music of groans ! cry'd my uncle, dear boy,
 Vapours set all my spirits a flowing ;
 A fit of the gout makes me dancing for joy,
 At an ague I'm all in a glowing :
 Why then, my dear uncle, cries I, you're a quack,
 For another assistant go look ;
 For you see without honor I munna go back,
 To father, and mother, and Suke.

From my cousin the parson I soon com'd away,
 Without either waiting or warning ;
 For he preach'd upon soberness three times in one day,
 And then com'd home drunk the next morning.
 My relation, the author, stole other folks thoughts,
 My cousin the bookfeller sold them ;
 My pious old aunt found in innocent faults,
 And made virtue blush as she told them ;
 So the prospect around me quite dismal and black,
 Scarcely knowing on which side to look,
 I just sav'd my honor, and then I com'd back,
 To father, and mother, and Suke.

Found them as great as a King on his throne,
 The law-suit had banish'd all sorrow ;
 Come, said I, father, my honor's my own—
 —thou shalt have Sukey to-morrow—

But how about London—It won't do for a clown,
 There vice rides with folly behind it ;
 Not, you see, that I say there's no honor in town,
 I only say I could not find it :
 If you sent me to starve you found out the right track,
 If to live, the wrong method you took,
 For I poor went to London, and poor am come back,
 To father, and mother and Suke.

.....

THE VESTRY DINNER.

CHURCHWARDEN I've been—let me see ! very often,
 You know, 'tis a place of much trust,
 And it's monstrous fatigues, and it's hardships to soften,
 We eat, aye, and drink till we burst :
 We meets, and we talks about how and concerning,
 As spokesman I'm always beginner,
 But never so pleas'd as to give out this warning—
 Next Monday's a vestry dinner.

*And none but an ill soul-mouth'd fellow'd abuse,
 ' Snug little dinner, and plenty of booze.*

At jobs, parish-meetings, how oft I've attended,
 And talk'd till I chatter'd my fill,
 As how things were so bad that they ought to be mended

For why, talk's fatiguing, and moisture is wanting
 By all speakers, or else I'm no sinner ;
 And to make us more thirsty, to hear were all panting,
 Next Tuesday's a vestry-dinner.

And none but, &c.

When talking of paupers, it so hurts one's feeling,
 Indeed I'm not dealing a sham ;
 So preys on the nervous, you'll oft see us reeling,
 Tho' nothing we've touch'd but a dram ;
 But e'er we have settled about the relieving,
 Each famish'd and half-starv'd poor sinner,
 Leries, in the midst of our sorrow and grieving,
 Next Wednesday's a vestry-dinner.

And none but, &c.

Feasts on Thursdays, and Fridays, and Saturdays follow,
 On business 'tis always we dine !
 Well fed arguments, folks say your starv'd talk beats hollow,
 When moisten'd with tongue-oiling wine ;
 Then who'd not be warden, who breathes in his senses,
 Fine picking he'll find on the bone ;
 Every week-day I feast upon parish expences,
 And on Sunday I starve on my own.

THE CHAPTER OF KINGS.

TH E Romans in England they once did sway,
 and the Saxons they after them led the way ;
 and they turg'd with the Danes till an overthrow,
 they both of them got by the Norman bow.

*Yet, barring all potber,
 The one and the other,
 Were all of them Kings in their turn.*

ttle Willy the Conqueror long did reign,
 at Billy his son by an arrow was slain ;
 and Harry the Firft was a fcholar bright,
 at Stephy was forc'd for his crown to fight.

cond Harry Plantagenet's name did bear,
 and Cœur de Lion was his fon and heir ;
 at Magna Charta we gain'd from John,
 which Harry the Third put his feal upon.

ere was Teddy the Firft like a tyger bold,
 at the Second by rebels was bought and fold ;
 and Teddy the Third was his fubjects pride,
 ough his grandfon Dicky was popp'd afide.

ere was Harry the Fourth a warlike wight,
 and Harry, the Fifth like a cock wou'd fight ;
 ough Henry his fon like a chick did pout,
 hen Teddy his coufin had kick'd him out.

Poor Teddy the Fifth he was kill'd in bed,
By butchering Dick who was knock'd in head ;
Then Harry the Seventh in fame grew big,
And Harry the Eighth was as fat as a pig.

With Teddy the Sixth we had tranquil days,
Though Mary made fire and faggot blaze ;
But good Queen Bess was a glorious Dame,
And bonny King Jemmy from Scotland came.

Poor Charley the First was a martyr made,
But Charley his son was a comical blade ;
And Jemmy the Second when hotly spurr'd,
Run away do you see me from Willy the Third.

Queen Ann was victorious by land and sea,
And Georgey the First did with glory sway ;
And as Georgey the Second has long been dead,
Long life to the Georgey we have in his stead,

*And may his sons sons to the end of the Chapter
All come to be Kings in their turn.*

.....

THE CHAPTER OF ADMIRALS.

LORD Effingham kick'd the Armada down,
And Drake was a fighting the world all round ;
Gallant Raleigh liv'd upon fire and smoke,
But Sir John Hawkins's heart was broke.

*Yet, barring all potter,
The one and the other,
Were all of them Lords of the Main.*

Sir Humphrey Gilbert was lost at sea,
And frozen to death was poor Willoughby,
Both Grenville and Forbisher bravely fell—
But 'twas Monson who tickled the Dutch so well.

The heart of a lion had whisker'd Blake,
And York was a seaman for fighting's sake ;
But Montague perish'd among the brave,
And Spragge was doom'd to a briny grave.

To Ruffel the pride of the Frenchmen struck,
And their ships at Vigo was burnt by Rooke ;
But Sir Cloudesley Shovel to the bottom went,
And Benbow fought till his life's shot was spent.

Porto-Bello the Spaniards to Vernon lost,
And sorely disturb'd was Hosier's ghost.
Lord Anson with riches return'd from sea ;
But Balchin was drown'd in the Victory.

Of conquering Hawke let the Frenchmen tell,
And of bold Boscawen, who fought so well,
While Pocock and Saunders as brightly shine,
In the Annis Mirabilis, Fifty-Nine.

Warren right well for his country fought, !
And Hughes too did as a Briton ought,
Then Parker so stoutly the Dutchmen shook,
And the flower of the French bully Rodney took.

Bold Hood—but why sound ev'ry hero's name,
Whose deeds on the ocean our strength proclaim,
From Howard to Howe we have beat the foe,
And Jarvis has lately told them so.

*For, barring all pother,
With this or the other,
Still Britons are Lords of the Main !*

.....

'T WAS ON CHRISTMAS DAY

'T WAS on Christmas Day,
Father he did wed,
Three months after that,
My mother was brought to-bed ;
My father he came home,
His head with liquor stor'd
And found in mother's room,
A silver-hilted sword.

Fiddle de, dum de, de, &c.

How came this sword here ;
My mother says, says she,
Lovee, 'tis a poker,
Auntie sent to me :
Father he stamp'd and star'd,
'Twas the first, I ween,
Silver-headed poker,
He had ever seen.

Fiddle de, dum de, de, &c.

Father grumbled on,
 But getting into bed,
 Egad ! as luck fell out,
 A man pop'd up his head ;
 That's my milk-maid, says she ;
 Says dad, I never heard,
 In all my travels yet,
 A milk-maid with a beard.

Fiddle de, dum de, de, &c.

My father found a whip,
 And very glad was he,
 And how come this whip here,
 Without the leave of me ?
 Oh that's a nice strap-lace,
 My auntee sent to me ;
 Egad ! he lac'd her stays,
 And out of doors went she.

.....

BRITONS WISH.

COME all you loyal Britons, awhile give attention,
 Listen to my lines that now I shall mention ;
 'Tother day as I walked through the grove that was shady,
 I heard a lovely voice sing bye-bye a baby ; row, row, row,
 Let every loyal Britain sing—God send a peace.

Much surpris'd at the voice that seem'd so melodious
 While the feather'd songsters they seem'd to join in chorus ;
 Not one being near me, I flutter'd at the idea,
 Of what could mean a voice singing bye-bye a baby.

Then I paus'd for a while, but I soon did recover,
 Resolv'd to search the shady grove all over,
 When to my surpris'e I found a beautiful creature,
 And a pretty little infant with delicate feature.

It was under a willow, most beautifully shady,
 Where the tender mother sat lamenting with her baby,
 With eyes full of tears, towards heaven seem directed,
 A praying that her soldier in war might be protect'd.

To hear this fair creature so deeply complaining,
 In the Grove I no longer then could remain in ;
 So I home took my way, left the babe and its mother,
 Let each Briton, with one voice, pray the wars were all over.

So Britons let us drink a health to his Majesty,
 And all the royal branches of that illustrious family,
 May peace and great plenty be found in our nation,
 The sword in the scabbard once more return again.

A toast let us drink to each sailor on the ocean,
 Who boldly fights for King and country's promotion ;
 And every foldier that England's rights fights to maintain,
 God send them safe to their families once again.

THE OLD COMMODORE.

Sung at Sadler's-Wells, in the Naval Triumph.

ODSBLOOD! what a time for a seaman to sculk
 Under gingerbread hatches ashore,
 What a damn'd bad job! that this batter'd old hulk
 Can't be rigg'd out for sea once more :
 But the puppies as they pass,
 Cocking up a squinting glafs,
 Thus run down the Old Commodore :
 That's the old Commodore—
 The old rum Commodore—
 The gouty old Commodore——He !
 Why the bullets and the gout
 Have so knock'd his hull about,
 That he'll never more be fit for sea.

Here am I, in distress—like a ship water-logg'd,
 Not a tow-rope at hand, nor an oar,
 I'm left by my crew, and may I be flogg'd
 But the Doctor's a son of a whore :
 While I'm swallowing his slops,
 How nimble are his chops,
 Thus queering the old Commodore :
 A bad case, Commodore !
 Can't say, Commodore—
 Mustn't flatter, Commodore—says he,
 For the bullets and the gout
 Have so knock'd your hull about,
 That you'll never more be fit for sea;

What ! no more to be afloat ? Blood and fury they lie !

I'm a seaman, and only threefcore ;

And if, as they tell me, I'm likely to die,

Gadzooks ! let me not die ashore ;

As to death, 'tis all a joke,

Sailors live in fire and smoke,

So, at least, says an old Commodore :

The rum old Commodore,

The tough old Commodore,

The fighting old Commodore—He,

Whom the Devil nor the gout,

Nor the French dogs to boot,

Shall kill, till they grapple him at sea:

.....

THE WATCHMAN.

SUNG BY MR. DIGHTON, AT SADLER'S-WELLS.

A WATCHMAN I am, and I knows all the round,
The housekeepers, the strays, and the lodgers ;
Where low devils, rich dons, and high rips may be found
Odds-dickies, queer kids, and rum codgers.

Of money and of property,

I'm he that takes the care ;

And cries when I see rogues go by,

Hey ! what are you doing there ?——

Only a little business in that house—you understand me—
understand you ; well, I believe you are an honest man
—d'ye hear, bring me an odd silver candlestick.

*Then to my box I creep,
And then fall fast asleep,
St. Paul's strikes One!
Thus after all the mischief's done,
I goes and gives them warning,
And loudly bawls,
While strikes St. Paul's,
Past One o'clock! and cloudy morning.*

Then round as the hour I merrily cry,
Another rascals I discover;
For a curious rope-ladder I straightway esow,
And Miss Forward expecting her lover.
Then to each others arms they fly;
My life! my soul!—Ah, ah,
Fine work, Miss Hot-upon-it, cries I,
I'll knock up your papa——

No, no, you won't!—I shall; worthy old soul, to be treated
in this manner.—Here, here, take this—O you villain,
want to bribe an honest watchman! and with such a tri-
fle too—Well, well, here's more, more—You seem
to be a spirited lad, now do make her a good husband;
I am glad you have tricked the old hunks—Good night,
I wish you safe to Gretna Green.

*Then to my box I creep,
And then fall fast asleep,
What's that? St. Paul's strikes Two!
The lovers off—what does I do,
But gives the father warning:
And loudly bawls,
While strikes St. Paul's,
Past Two o'clock! and cloudy morning.*

Then towards the square, from my box I looks,
 I hears such a ranting and tearing ;
 'Tis Pharaoh's whole host, and the pigeons and rooks,
 Are laughing, and singing, and swearing :
 Then such a hubbub and a din ;
 How they blaspheme and curse ;
 That thief has stole my diamond pin ;
 Watch ! Watch ! Iv'e lost my purse.

Watch, here, I charge you—and I charge you : 'Tis a mar-
 vellous thing that honest people can't go home without
 being robbed——Which is the thief ?——That's the thief
 that trick'd me out of two hundred pounds this evening
 —Ah ! that you know is all in the way of business ; but
 which is the thief that stole the *Gemman's* purse ?——That's
 him—What, Sam Snatch ? Give it to me, Sam—He has
 not got your purse ; you are mistaken in your man—
 Go home peaceably, and don't oblige me to take you to
 the watch-house.

*Then to my box I creep,
 And then fall fast asleep,
 What's that ? St. Paul's strikes Three !
 Thus from my roguery get free,
 By giving people warning,
 And loudly bawls,
 While strikes St. Paul's,
 Fast Three o'clock ! and cloudy morning.*

JACK'S FIDELITY,

COMPOSED AND SUNG BY MR. DIBDIN.

IF ever a sailer was fond of good sport
 'Mongst the girls, why that sailer was I;
 Of all fizes and sorts I'd a wife at each port,
 But when that I saw sweet Polly,
 I hail'd her my lovely, and gave her a kiss,
 And swore to bring up once for all;
 And from that time black Barnaby splic'd
 I've been constant and true to my Poll.

And yet now all sorts of temptations I've h.
 For I afterwards sail'd round the world;
 And a queer set we saw, of the devil's own brood
 Wherever our sails were unfurl'd:
 Some with faces like charcoal, and others like ch
 All ready one's heart to o'erhaul,
 Don't you go to love me, my good girl, said I
 I've sworn to be constant to Poll.

I met with a squaw out at India beyond,
 All in glass and tobacco pipes drest;
 What a dear pretty monster, so kind and f
 That I ne'er was a moment at rest:
 With her bobs at her ears, and her quaw, qu
 All the world like a Bartlemy doll;
 Says I, you Miss Copperkin, pray hold your
 For I shall be constant to Poll.

Then one near Sumatra, just under the line,
 As fond as a witch in a play ;
 I love you, says she, and just only be mine,
 Or by poison I'll take you away ;
 Curse your kindness, said I, but you can't frighten me,
 You don't catch a gudgeon this hawl ;
 If I do take your rat's-bane, why then do you see,
 I shall live and die constant to Poll.

But I 'scap'd 'em all, tawney, lily, and black,
 And merrily weather'd each storm ;
 And my neighbours to please, full of wonders came
 back,
 But what's better, I'm grown pretty warm :
 And so now to sea, I shall venture no more,
 For you know, being rich, I've no call ;
 So I'll bring up young tars, do my duty on shore,
 And live and die constant to Poll.

.....

PATRICK O'NEAL's RETURN.

FROM lathering and beating the negros ant please ye,
 Hurro ! here's myself, little Paddy come back—
 To be sure I'm at home, where a man should be easy,
 With rum in his locker and joes in his sack :
 By my soul it so pleases me now to be thinking,
 How neat I shall hear the dumb creatures a chinking,
 When snug at the tavern I pays for my drinking,
 And sing to the tune of smallililow whack !

*With a botheroo, didderoo, fire away frisky,
 Sure! han't we n ow got the fly fox by the tail—
 Och! 'twas Country & King, & right West-India whisky,
 That made a great kero of Patrick O'Neal.*

Devil doubt, your Extrorner Gazettes would proclaim it too,
 All without ever a word of a flam;
 How Jarvis's lads—Arrah why should they name it now?
 Leather'd away there at fort Buzzottam:
 Hubbubbo! by my troth, its all truth that they tell ye,
 I flood it myself, till the heart in my belly
 Flew up to my mouth!—by the foul of Moll Kelly,
 The thing sav'd my life, was a drop of a dram.

With a botheroo, &c.

One morning, d' ye see, in a devil of a passion,
 Our noble Commander sat down, at his ease;
 And writ to the Frenchmen, as this, "Botheration!
 Either get out of that, Sir—or do as you please."
 But the answer was "Mum!" for a Frenchman a wonder,
 Nabocklesh! my joy—for we gain'd by the blunder
 A rich yellow harvest, got in during thunder,
 And thrash'd out, by my soul, like the thrashing of peas.

With a botheroo, &c.

Domingo's our own then—good luck to the service!
 E'er since at Port Prince all the French turn'd their backs;
 So trusting their hogsheds to Ford and to Jarvis,
 We'll leave Gray and White to look after the blacks.
 On the fourth day of June British lads took possession,
 The day of all days for a neat celebration:

King George was the word—and long live the foundation !
To bother the gig of that thief Santhonax !

With a botheroo, &c.

.....

TACK AND HALF TACK.

TH E Yarmouth roads are right a-head,
The crew with ardour burning ;
Jack sings out as he heaves the lead,
On tack and half tack turning,
By the deep eleven ;
Lash'd in the chains, the line he coils,
Then round his head 'tis swinging,
And thus to make the land he toils,
In numbers quaintly singing,
By the mark seven :
And now, lest we run bump ashore,
He heaves the lead, and sings once more,
Quarter less four.

*About ship, lads, tumble up there—can't you see—
Stand by—well—bark, bark, the helm's a lee—
Here she comes, up tacks and sheets, haul main-sail—
haul, haul, off haul :
And as the long left shore they view,
Exulting, shout the happy crew,
Each singing as the sails he furls,
Hoy, for the fiddles and the girls,
Hoy, for the fiddles, &c.*

The next tack we run out to sea,
 Old England's shore appearing ;
 Again we tack, and Jack with glee,
 Sings out, as land we'er nearing,
 And a half eleven :
 And as they name some beauty near,
 To tars of blifs the fummit,
 Jack joins the jest, the jibe, the jeer,
 And heaves the ponderous plummit,
 By the mark seven ;
 And now, while dangerous breakers roar,
 Jack cries, H-ft we run plump ashore,
 Quarter H-ft four :

Thus tars at sea, like swabs at home,
 By tack and tack are bias'd ;
 The farthest away about we roam,
 To bring us home the nighest,
 By the deep eleven :
 For one tack more, and 'fore the wind,
 Shail we in a few glaffes,
 Now make the land both true and kind,
 To find our friends and lasses,
 By the mark seven ;
 Then heave the lead, my lads, once more,
 Soon shall we gaily tread the shore,
 And a half four.



THE FRENCH COBLER.

SUNG BY MR. WALLACK, AT THE ROYAL SALOON.

PIERRE Savetier is from France just arriv'd,
Where twenty-five years I at cobbling had trav'd ;
Till von fatal day I was torn from my stall,
The Devil tear to pieces the Democrats all.

Derry-down, &c.

My lapstone and last, being chang'd for a gun,
With thousands of others o'er Frontiers I run ;
But Messrs. les Anglois cause me so much fright,
That I was sham dead ! and escap'd the same night.

Derry-down, &c.

If fair words will the back and the belly suffice,
We have victuals and cloathing, mafeis in a trice ;
But when these we ask of our fam'd Democrats,
They stop up our mouths with their damn'd Assignats !

Derry-down, &c.

I'd rather be Cobbler and work in my stall,
Than of the Convention von grand General ;
One day he be great man—he head all the mob,
One, two, three days after—they cut off his nob !

Derry-down, &c.

La Convention is like to an old rotten shoe,
That wants both a sole and a top-leather too ;
What lets water behind, and the mud in before,
Runs away from the foot, and returns never more.

If safe I arrive, I will stick to my trade,
 In Londres, where always I'm sure to be paid ;
 Where law is respected, and that is the thing,
 That makes the poor happy—the rich and the King.

Derry-dowry, &c.

.....

THE MID-WATCH.

WHEN 'tis night and the mid-watch is come,
 And chilling mists hang o'er the dashing main ;
 Then sailors think of their long distant home,
 And of those friends they ne'er may see again :
 But when the fight's begun,
 Each serving at his gun,
 Should any thought of them come o'er your mind,
 O think, but should the day be won,
 How 'twill cheer
 Their hearts to hear,
 That their old companion he was one.

Or, my lad, if you a mistress kind
 Have left on shore, some pretty girl and true ;
 Who many a night doth listen to the wind,
 And sighs to think how it may fare with you ;
 Oh ! when the fight's begun,
 Each serving at his gun,
 Should any thought of her come o'er your mind ;
 Think only should the day be won,
 How 'twill cheer
 Her heart to hear,
 That her own true sailor he was one.

A BUMPER AND FRIEND.

SUNG BY MR. TAYLOR,

AT VAUXHALL.

TO Venus and Bacchus, those spirits divine,
 I pledge, in full bumpers, libations on earth;
 For friendship and love shall e'er hallow the shrine,
 From whence all such comforts of life owe their birth.
 Tho' care may embitter the pleasures of man.
 'Tis wine, cheering wine, that can temper the smart;
 Then quaff it, ye mortals, and make it your plan,
 To bumper a friend, and the girl of your heart.
 Shou'd envy intrude on the raptures of love,
 And her poison fraught adders malignantly hiss,
 Let constancy follow the faith of the Dove,
 And the harpies shall die thro' sincerity's kiss;
 Then fill me a flaggon, fill, fill to the brim,
 And let each good fellow with me bear a part,
 For my song and my sentiment's made but for him
 Who drinks to a friend, and the girl of his heart.
 To sorrow or discord I ne'er turn my mind,
 What have I with the minions of trouble to do?
 With Venus's myrtle my brow is entwin'd,
 And each throb of my heart e'er to friendship is true.
 While I breathe in this world, let me taste such delight
 As Bacchus and Venus can only impart;
 And like a true Britain I'll drink day and night,
 To a brotherly friend, and the girl of my heart.

THE MODEL.

SUNG BY MR. DIGNUM.

MY friend is the man I wou'd copy thro' life,
 He harbours no envy, he causes no strife;
 No murmurs escape him, tho' fortune bears hard;
 Content is his portion, and peace his reward;
 Still happy in his station,
 He minds his occupation;
 Nor heeds the sneers,
 Nor knows the cares,
 Which vice and folly bring;
 Daily working wearily,
 Nightly singing cheerily,
 Dear to him his wife, his home, his country, and his king.

His heart is enlarg'd, tho' his income is scant,
 He lessens his little for others that want;
 Tho' his children's dear claims on his industry press,
 He has something to spare for the child of distress;
 He seeks no idle squabble,
 He joins no thoughtless rabble,
 To clear his way,
 From day to day,
 His honest views extend,
 When he speaks 'tis verily,
 When he smiles 'tis merrily;
 Dear to him his sport, his toil, his honour, and his friend;

How charming to find, in his humble retreat,
That bliss so much sought, so unknown to the great,
The wife only anxious her fondness to prove,
The playful endearments of infantine love :

Relaxing from his labours,
Amid his welcome neighbours,
With plain regale,
With jest and tale,
The happy hero, see ;
No vain schemes confounding him,
All his joys furrounding him,

Dear he holds his native land, its laws, and liberty.

.....

THE COTTAGE IN THE GROVE.

SUNG BY MR. DIGNUM.

NOW when the roses perfume the glade,
Beneath the woodbine's fragrant shade
Each shepherd breathes the air,
From all that's fresh, from all that's fair,
I've cull'd each sweet to deck with care,
My cottage in the grove.

O come, ELIZA, lovely maid,
To share the sweets, or rural shade,
O come and be my love :
Here music charms with magic sound,
While love and pleasure reign around
My cottage in the grove.

Here roses red and roses white,
 With rival sweets my fair invite,
 These rural joys to prove :
 Here harmony delights to dwell,
 Content is found within my cell,
 My cottage in the grove.

.....

WHEN FAIR SUSAN I LEFT, &c.

SUNG BY MR. DIGNUM.

WH E N fair Susan I left, with a heart full of woe,
 And to sea went, my fortune to mend ;
 Her soft swelling bosom beat hard to and fro,
 When she lost both her love and her friend :
 Fare thee well, Tom ! she cry'd, and bid me adieu,
 While the tears rain'd in showers from her eye ;
 I sail'd full of grief to join the ship's crew,
 While loud waves to my sorrows reply.

The winds they blew hard, and the sea 'gan to roar,
 While blue lightning around us did flash ;
 I thought of my Susan, and wish'd me on shore,
 Still the waves most tremendous did dash :
 At length a leak sprung, and all hands call'd on deck,
 In vain every art try'd to save ;
 I swam on a plank, and escap'd from the wreck,
 The rest met a watery grave !

Kind fortune thus having preserved my life,
 To my Susan I thought I would go ;
 With joy I should meet with my long absent wife,
 But my hopes were all chang'd into woe :
 For the news reach'd her ears, that the ship it was lost,
 And Thomas, her love, was no more ;
 She died as a rose, when nipt by the frost,
 And I live her loss to deplore.

.....

BOW WOW WOW.

SUNG BY MR. FAWCET, IN HARLEQUIN AND FAUSTUS,

Performed at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden.

COME listen, my friend, to an old dog's new story,
 That contains of his race and pretensions to glory !
 For we dogs may be found in every rank and station,
 Since puppies are caress'd by the first in the nation.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

A flatterer's a cringing dog, he's always a fawning,
 An alderman's a sleepy dog, he's always a yawning,
 A methodist's a howling dog, his cant he's always whining
 out.

And lawyers they're mischievous dogs, they'll tear y^e
 pocket's lining out.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

A lover he's a wretched dog, without his dear delight, Sir,
And bullies they are swaggering dogs, that bark, but never
bite, Sir,

A miser's he's a thirsty dog, he saves an inch of candle,
A coxcomb he's a lap-dog for pretty Miss to dandle.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Physicians they are pompous dogs, they look so monstrous
big, Sir,

But if you'd find their consequence, 'tis in their cane and
wig, Sir,

With latin phrases they deceive us, poor deluded elves, Sir,
And what they give their patient dogs, they never take
themselves, Sir,

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

The playhouse too, is full of dogs, that cram you with their
flummery,

The manager's a dancing dog, he tricks you with his mum-
mery,

The side-box beaux, are critic dogs, that ev'ry fault are
marking,

The gallery boys are noisy dogs, they're always a barking.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

The gambler he's a shuffling dog, he tricks you with his
cards, Sir,

And bailiffs they are fly dogs, they bite you devilish hard,
Sir,

A rake he is a jolly dog, whom all the ladies fancy,
And I am a faithful dog as any here you can see.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

PHELIM O'NEAL.

SUNG BY MR. ROCK, IN THE SAME.

MY name is tight Phelim, I'm come from the fod,
 By way of diversion, I carry a hod.
 I quitted sweet Dublin with other gues's views ;
 But all my mistake came from reading the news—
 It told me that here I'd be quite in the vogue,
 I oil'd my grey wig, and I brush'd up my brogue,
 I kiss'd my old friends, and a prosperous gale
 To Liverpool, blew little Phelim O'Neal.

*With my hurroo roo row, arrah be easy,
 Paillub loe, I'm as nate as a dasy.*

We Irish to make it out find many ways,
 We cry fine fat rabbits, and write pretty plays ;
 My gay Master Mason no more I'm your man,
 I'll be master myself, I'm Sir Christopher Wren.
 To the Devil with your brick-bats and trowels my dear ;
 And is that yourself with the barrel of beer.
 But give him the drop, and och, hone, I'll be bail,
 To the knees up in mortar jumps Phelim O'Neal.

With my hurroo, row, &c.



THE DISMAL LAMP-LIGHT.

SUNG BY MR. JOHANNOT, AT THE ROYAL-SALOON.

AS old goody Jenkins was snoring away,
 She dreamt such a dream, put her quite in a vamp light,
 And nudging of gaffer,—she cry'd—" Lovey, pray
 Do get out of bed, and blow out the Lamp-light."
The nastly dismal Lamp-light,
Fal de ral de ra,

" Oh ! my dear—I have had such a dream !—and now, as
 " I would wish to be a little composed, pray do get out
 " of bed——

And blow out the Lamp-light !"

Old gaffer awoke, and e'er willing to please,
 Tumbles out of bed, resolv'd for to crush light ;
 And puffed, till the wick made the old codger sneeze,
 As he puffed at the Lamp-light—
The teasing little Lamp-light,
Fal de ral de ra,

" I can't, I can't blow it out, goody, I can't !"——" Try
 " again, gaffer—and you'll do wonders !"——" I can't,
 " I have lost all my breath, a puffing and puffing——
At your d—m—d teasing Lamp-light !"

Then goody tumbled out, neck and heels, in a pet,
 Resolv'd to extinguish—or presently to damp light ;

And puff—till the wick put the old one in a sweat—

A puffing at the Lamp-light—

The curs'd little Lamp-light,

Fal de ral de ra,

"Why don't you help me gaffer—why don't you help me?"

"You make me do it all myself."—"Don't you lie,

"goody,—h'ant I been puffing above this half-hour—

At your d—m—d dijmal Lamp-light?"

The maid then came in, being alarm'd at the noise

Of goody and gaffer, a putting out this cramp light;

And for a puff, her bellows soon employs,

And Mrs. Molly she puff the Lamp-light—

The aggravating Lamp-light,

Fal de ral de ra,

"Why, what have you done to it, ma'am?—You must

"certainly have done something to it."—"Done to

"it—(says goody)—What do you think I have done to

"it?—Why don't you puff, Molly, why don't you puff?"

"Puff the Devil!—(says Molly)—Do you think I came

"here to be waked out of my warm bed to be puffing and

"puffing—

At your curs'd teasing Lamp-light?"

The clerk of the parish slept over head,

Awak'd with the noise, and down stairs he trampt light;

And *Amen*, he puff, till his face waxed red,

A puffing at the Lamp-light—

The glimmering little Lamp-light,

Fal de ral de ra,

"Run for the parson, Molly—run for the parson!"—

"Run for the Devil! (says Molly) what are you frighten'd

"about—why don't you blow out the light, and be curst

"to you?—You a *man*!"—"Yes, Molly, and well

"you *know* I am—but it requires more than a mortal to

Blow out your Lamp-light!"

In came the washer-woman, just in the nick,

The while they were puffing and sweating at the Lamp-
light,

She turn'd down the top, and out went the wick

Of the little dismal Lamp-light—

And out went the Lamp-light,

Fal de ral de ra,

So Mrs. Suds, the Queen of the wash-tub,

Put out the Lamp-light.



SONGS, DUETS, &c.

IN THE

SONS OF BRITANNIA; or GEORGE FOR ENGLAND;

As performed at Sadler's Wells.

SONG—MR. DIGHTON.

RALPH,—Uds! nigs! prithee what dos't think
Of a foldier's loife, ann foighting ann drumming?
Neay, take heart of grace and never try to flink,
When the Car—mang—gols as sall'n are coming.

Tom and Will, Dick and Phil, 'ad dang it! come and 'list,
Here's Measter Sarjeant will gie a protty penny;
A thing loike to this when you gott'n in your mutton fist,
Once at'n, yow'd hitt'n as well as any!

Foiting, battling, roaring, rattling, shooting, popping, hew-
ing, chopping,

Spite of all that may befall, mun be a foin divarshion;
And if shot dead, there's no more to be said,
Than poor John Taunton dy'd in the fashion!

If ye live and win the day, why then y'a gotten this to say,
'Tis better sport than cudgel play, and wins ye mortal
glory:

Let the lad that's clever, try it howsomdever,

Now's the time or never, o kick the World afore ye.

I melancholy was as a cat,

When Doll bid me go and hang in my garters ;
In an anger—neaw ad dang her ! I told her like a foldier,
She nor ne'er a Sans Culotte, mun never hope for Quar-
ters.

Red coats look so smart and pretty, cock'd-up hats so nicely
fit ye :

Wauns ! Ralph, what a pity yeave noa resolution !
Loyal hearts can stand the test, 'tis they that serve their
Country best,
And may the Gallows catch the rest that strive to breed
confusion.

You that would valour shew,
No time so fit as now,
Soa gie's a loyal row de row
For King and Constitution!
Come all, great, small, short, tall,
Hey for a red coat !

.....

SONG—MR. GRAY.

THEN farewell those days of glory,
At my grief you well may guess :
Oft have I declar'd my story,
How I lov'd my poor brown Bess.
Thirty-eight long years in clover
My fond arms she us'd to bless ;

Ten long years and more are over
Since I've hugg'd my poor brown Befs.

Her skin tho' not so soft and fair as
Some nice Dames, I must confess,
Yet as much good time and care has
Been employ'd on poor brown Befs.

Faithful still to ev'ry duty,
For Parade whene'er I'd dress,
Neat and clean, a polish'd beauty,
Ever came my poor brown Befs.

But, alas! those times are past now
Age and wounds my frame possess ;
Death I find approaching fast now,
So farewell my poor brown Befs.

In one request, ah! don't oppose me,
Ere the turf my corps shall press ;
Ere the coffin quite enclose me,
By my side place poor brown Befs.

.....

SONG—Mr. KING.

WAT brought me to Londre ? Bon—dat you sal know,
And why I leave Paris, Marseilles, and Bordeaux :
—since dat you no can entendre Francois,
I sing it in Englife, Monsieur, s'il vous plait.

You know de Convention dat kill a deir King,
Dey swore to take Holland de very same spring ;
I was den wid de army, and sam'd Dumourier,
Where was hunger in front, and all rags in the rear.

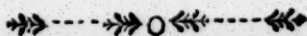
I remember dat time when we all march away,
De crow dey did follow in search of de prey ;
But when dey behold us dey follow no more,
For be Gar—dey ne'er saw such poor scare-crow before.

At last we arrive on de Hollander's coast,
And make proclamation, wid very fine boast ;
But 'tis very well known dat deceive us great deal,
So we no could take Holland—we took to our heel !

Den we all go to quarrel—tought I to mysell,
Messieurs Serviteur !—you may all go to hell !
So me take a French leave—foutre ! vat do I say ?
Ouf ! de French take deir leave in a different way.

Ye Briton, who wish like de French to be free,
Take warning by Citizen Paine and by me :
Pauvre Tom say we're free, like de bird in de air—
Yes—be Gar ! dey have cage HIM, and I am pluck bare !

I am now come to England to beg your relief,
And instead of no victual, to manger roast beef :
Ah ! blefs on your faces, so plump and so clear,
'Tis the right sort of Freedom, I see, flourish here.



SONG—MR. NORMAN.

ON April the first I set off, like a fool,
 From Kilkenny to Dublin, to see Lawrence Tool,
 My mother's third cousin, who often wrote down
 For to come and to see how he flourish'd in town.
 I had scarce set a foot in the terrible place
 Before a spalpeen came and star'd in my face—
 He call'd to a prefs-gang—they came without fail,
 And soon neck and crap carried Patrick O'Neal.

They scamper'd away as they thought with a prize,
 Taking me for a sailor, you see, in disguise,
 But a terrible blunder they made in their strife,
 For I ne'er saw a ship nor the sea in my life.
 Then straight to a Tender they made me repair,
 But of Tendernefs devil a morsel was there;
 Och! I ramp'd and I curs'd, but it did not avail,
 'Till a great swimming castle met Patrick O'Neal.

This big swinging thief roll'd about in the tide,
 Wid all her front teeth sticking fast by her side;
 Where they bid me to mount, and be sure for to keep
 Fast hold with my trotters for fear I should trip.
 I let go my hands, and stuck fast with my toes,
 And (how it could happen, the Lord above knows)
 Fell plump in the water, and splash'd like a Whale,
 Till pretty well pickled was Patrick O'Neal.

Wid a great swell of laughter, they hoisted me in,
 To this huge wooden world, full of riot and din;
 What strings and what pullies attracted my eye,
 And how large were the sheets that were hung out to dry
 It seem'd Noah's ark, stuf't with different guests,
 Hogs, pedlars, geese, sailors, and all other beasts:
 Some drank bladders of gin, some drank pitchers of ale,
 While some fat and laugh'd at poor Patrick O'Neal.

Then to go down below I express'd a great wish,
 Where they live under water like so many fish;
 I was clapt in a mess with some more of the crew,
 They call'd it banyan day—so gave me Burgoo:
 For a bed, I'd a sack swung as high as my chin,
 They call'd it a hammock, and bid me get in;
 I took a great leap, but my footing was frail,
 For clean over canted was Patrick O'Neal.

The devil a wink could I sleep all the night,
 And awoke the next morn in a terrible fright;
 Up hammocks—down chests, they began for to hawl,
 Here's a Frenchman in sight—sure! says I—is that all?
 Then we hawl'd up our large window shutters with speed,
 And run out our Bull Dogs, of true English breed;
 While the creatures gave mouth I held fast by the tail,
 And they kick'd and run over poor Patrick O'Neal.

Thus we rattled away, by my soul, hob a nob,
 Till the Frenchman gave out as he thought a bad job,
 To tie him behind, a large cord they did bring,
 And we led him along like a pig in a string.

Then home to Old England we dragg'd the French boy,
Och! the fight of the land made me sea-sick for joy;
They made up a peace, and the war growing stale,
Set all hands adrift with poor Patrick O'Neal.

So, ye see, on dry land, a safe course I can steer,
Neither cat-head, nor cat-block, nor any cat fear;
While there's shot in the locker, I'll sing I'll be bound,
And Saturday night shall last all the week round.
But since King and Country now calls us amain,
By the Piper of Leinster I'll venture again,
Make another dry voyage—bring home a fresh tale,
And you'll laugh till you cry at poor Patrick O'Neal.

.....

SONG—MR. DIGHTON.

COME, Friend sheer off with your slack jaw,
Or I'll make your crazy fides to yaw,
D'ye think to hum good subjects so?

Why, man, 'tis all my eye!

You may shew your Gimcracks where you may,
I'm plain Jack Tar, Bet, that's my way,
And to all that foreign swabs can say,
Why, I sings fal de ral tit.

It was neither the girls, nor drink, nor dext,
Drove me to sea—now was it Bet?

I said so then—and I say it yet,

It was all for to serve my King :

Then damme! why should a French Monsieur,

Ever come for to go for to say this here—

That an English heart has that to fear,

While he sings *fa! de ral tit.*

Now, because I am jiggling it here ashore,

You may think I go to sea no more,

And I don't, d'ye mind, blame you therefore,

Cause I should a' ffid the fame—

But, Lord ! I'm none of your sculking swells,

Tho' I likes a trip to Sadler's Wells,

And there, when I sees the Beaux and the Belles,

Why, I sing *fa! de ral tit.*

Then Bet, my girl, since my mind you know,

Let us take one spell before we go,

All hands on deck for a dance—Yo! ho!

Why fiddlers that's your sort :

Should a true Jack Tar, up aloft there, be,

Mayhap he'd like to join with me,

Take a parting frisk, then off to sea,

And re-sing *fa! de ral tit.*



THE FOUR ELEMENTS.

I'LL sing—but hold—first let me give you a toast,
 “ *May we never despair 'till our Freedom we've lost.* ”
 Then—now I'll assist you, to drain dry the crater,
 And you shall help me with *Earth, Air, Fire, Water.*

Derry down.

As *Earth* is the first, be Old England my theme,
 It's a soil which all true-hearted Britons esteem ;
 It's a soil which I ever have lov'd from my birth,
 It's a soil I shall love, till I'm laid in the *Earth*

Derry down.

Since *Air* is the next, then sing twelve dozen songs,
 For that's the best *Air* we can breathe from our lungs ;
 But first let us drink, for by Bacchus I swear,
 That the more wine is in, it expels the more *Air*.

Derry down.

Now *Fire*'s the Element next I'll define,
 Pray what *Fire* can equal the *Fire* of wine ?
 Then fill me a bumper, 'tis all I desire,
 'Twill warm me *within*, is not that the true *Fire* ?

Derry down.

Tho' *Water*'s a liquor the ladies approve,
 Yet a bottle of hock would they tipple, by Jove !
 Widow, wife, aunt, or niece, sister, mother, or daughter,
 Would never again taste of *small-beer* or *Water*.

Derry down.

And now my song's done, I've another toast left——

“ May we never want courage when put to the shift.”

But, avast tho'——you shan't say I'm all i' the wrong,

For I call upon you——my good Sir—for a Song.

Derry down.

.....

THE HUMOURS OF LONDON.

SUNG BY MR. FAWCET.

WHEN I to London first came in,

How I began to gape and stare !

The cries they kept up such a din——

“ Fresh lobster—dust—and wooden ware !”

A damsel lovely, and black eyed,

Tript thro' the streets, and sweetly cried——

“ Buy my live sprats !”

“ Buy my live sprats !”

A youth on t'other side the way,

With hoarser lungs did echoing say——

“ Buy my live sprats !”

Full shrilly cried the chimney sweep,

The fruitress fair, bawl'd “ round and found !”

The Jew would down the area peep,

To look for custom under ground ;

His bag he o'er his shoulder slung,

And to the footmen sweetly sung——

“ Cloashes to shell cloashes !”

“ Round and found—Sweep !”

Young foot cried, " sweep ! " in accents true ;
The barrow lady and the Jew,

" Round and found ! " — " Cloashes ! "

A noise at every turn you'll find—

Ground ivy, rabbit skins to sell,

Great news from France, and knives to grind,

Matts, muffins, milk, and mackarel !

And when these motley noises die,

In various tones the watchmen cry—

" By the clock—twelve ! "

" Past twelve o'clock. " —

Then home to bed the shopmen creep,

And all the night are kept from sleep,

With " past—humph—o'clock. "

.....

THE IRISHMAN IN LONDON.

Tune—*You know I'm your Priest, &c.*

OCH ! joy to you, Paddy, my jewel, my boy,

I'll tell you a story, 'tis true, my dear joy ;

I have seen the big world, that is little withal,

'Tis London, dear honey, 'twas made for us all.

Be ye dronish, or ever so lazy,

Crack'd, stupified, apish, or crazy,

'Tis here my dear boy you'll be aisey,

O London, dear London, for me.

No starving, dear jewel, by my soul, none at all,

For if dinner is wanting, they'll eat a stone wall !

'Tis no matter, a gentleman, taylor, or clown,
If you're falling, dear joy, why they'll soon knock
you down.

Come, boy, away, never be aisey,
'Tis thus, my dear boy, to be lazy,
For fighting all mortals are crazy,
A glorious battle's the thing.

There's one thing, by my soul, and that is not right,
That a Briton against a Briton should fight ;
Let honor give way, 'tis a notion absurd,
When the enemy's near, joy, then brandish your sword.

When glory calls, never be aisey,
In honor, dear joy, be not lazy,
For liberty mortals are crazy,
Let valour and friendship unite.

.. .. .

COME, BUY MY WATER CRESSES!

SUNG BY MASTER PHELPS,
AT VAUXHALL.

MY NANNY, tho' thou can'st not boast,
Of title, fame, or riches ;
Still thou art oft a lover's toast,
And many a swain bewitches.
From street to street, from lane to lane,
Her calling she professes,
And daily cries, in cheerful strain,
Come buy my water cresses !
My nice young water cresses.

The musky rose that breathes perfume,
 And round its fragrance scatters,
 Excels not NAN, in beauty's bloom,
 Tho' clad in humble tatters :
 While proud ones scoff, and rich ones jeer,
 At my sweet girl's distresses,
 She constant cries devoid of fear,
 Come, buy my water cresses !
 My nice, &c.

Fresh as the balmy breath of morn,
 My charmer daily rises ;
 More fair than those, who, wealthy born,
 Poor NANNY's state despises :
 Yet she regardless of each frown,
 With lovely auburn tresses,
 Is seen to cry, from town to town,
 Come, buy my water cresses !
 My nice, &c.

.....

HARK ! THE MARTIAL FIFE AND DRUM.

SUNG BY MRS. MOUNTAIN.

YE lads, of the love of your country possess'd,
 Whose duty at present to Britain is due ;
 Who hope with the smiles of the fair to be blest'd,
 Let valour beat time to my rat-tat-tat-too.

*For hark ! the martial fife and drum,
 Bids ev'ry loyal hero come,
 To fight for Briton's glory :*

*Then loudly shall the page of fame
Transmit the lustre of your name,
To shine in future story.*

O Britain's ! how great, how important the cause,
On which are depending your fortune and lives,
Your liberty, commerce, religion, and laws,
Your kindred, your progeny, sweet-hearts and wives,
Hark ! bark ! the martial fife, &c.

Let Frenchmen exult in their liberty tree,
With thorns 'tis engrafted, and crabs are its fruit ;
But while you are loyal, united and free,
Their anarchy ne'er shall our order pollute.
Hark ! bark ! the martial fife, &c.

Who looks upon danger surrounding unmov'd,
Perhaps he too late may his apathy rue ;
While he shall be honour'd, esteem'd, and approv'd,
Whose valour beats time to my rat tat-tat-too.
Hark ! bark ! the martial fife, &c.

.....

POOR ANNETTE THE SAVOYARD.

SUNG BY MISS MILNE.

IN frolic dance and mirthful glee,
How sweet escap'd each passing day ;
In Savoy's plains, where blest and free,
The tyrant, France, was far away.

Yet tho' an exile I must roam,
 Yet feel I here no dread alarm,
 Since England still affords a home,
 To shelter poor ANNETTE from harm :
 Poor ANNETTE, the Savoyard.

Now since my native plain despoil'd,
 By cruel Gallia torn away,
 The merry dance and woodnotes wild,
 No more are heard at close of day.
 Yet tho' no joys at home are found,
 No sweet content our griefs to charm,
 We find a home on British ground,
 To shelter poor ANNETTE from harm :
 Poor ANNETTE, the Savoyard.

Where peaceful mirth had dwelt before,
 The shouts of war now burst around,
 The jocund pipe is heard no more
 Whilst shrill the brazen trumpets sound.
 But tho' invaded are our plains,
 No longer form'd our days to charm,
 Yet still a home an exile gains,
 And Britain screens ANNETTE from harm.
 Poor ANNETTE, the Savoyard.

TANTIVY.

WRITTEN BY MR. DIBDIN.

LET sons of sloth dream time away,
 Regardless what may follow,
 And rail at us who wake the day,
 With horn and hounds and hollow ;
 We their pursuit should find the same,
 To their scents were we privy ;
 Each man to hint some fav'rite game,
 Thro' life goes on tantivy.

*Tantivy, tantivy, tantivy,
 Tantivy, tantivy, tantivy,
 Thro' life goes on tantivy.*

The book-worm hunts the ancient schools,
 And walks with Aristotle :
 Ladies and swindlers hunt for fools,
 The toper hunts his bottle :
 Thus should we find, whate'er the name,
 To their scents were we privy,
Mankind to hunt, &c.

The melancholy hunts for woes,
 Muckworms are cash pursuing,
 While, neck or nothing, down he goes,
 The spendthrift hunts his ruin :
 Thus should we find, be it wealth or fame,
 To their scents were we privy,
Mankind to hunt, &c.

Bold tars for honour hunt the wind,
 Outrageous saints hunt sinners,
 While with round belly capon lin'd,
 Fat aldermen hunts dinners :
 Thus should we find men's views the same,
 To their scents were we privy,
Mankind to hunt, &c.

We beauty hunt from place to place,
 Rakes hunt new sets of features,
 While gen'rous hearts hunts on the chase,
 To relieve their fellow creatures :
 Let love and honour be our aim,
 Regardless who are privy,
 In chace of pleasure as fair game,
 Thro' life goes on tantivy.

.....

THE JOLLY RINGERS.

SUNG BY MR. DIBDIN.

OFT has the world been well defin'd
 By sayers and by singers.
 I call't a Belfrey, and mankind,
 I call the jolly ringers :
 Thro' Major bobs, and tripple bobs,
 Each emulously ranges,
 And while each anxious bosom throbs,
 All try to ring the changes.

And while, &c.

These college youths are sent to school,
 And afterwards to college,
 And thence return, by square and rule,
 Well vers'd in human knowledge :
 As genius leads, to cram his maw,
 Each art's close labyrinth ranges ;
 And on religion, physick, law,
 Compleatly ring the changes.

The fortune hunter swears and lies,
 And courts the widow's jointure,
 Then with a richer heiress flies,
 Nor minds to disappoint her :
 The widow too, has her arch whim,
 Nor thinks his conduct strange is ;
 A titled heir succeeds to him,
 And thus she rings the changes.

The waiter pillages the greek,
 The greek the spendthrift fleeces,
 The spendthrift makes dad's fortune squeak,
 Dad racks rents, and grants leases :
 The tenants break, Gazette reports,
 Each difference arranges,
 Till pro and con, thro' all the courts,
 The lawyer rings the changes.

Thus, like the bells, each fear and hope,
 Hangs wav'ring and suspended,
 All tug away, while some a rope,
 Get more than they intended ;

In merry cadence, as they roll,
 We'll rove where reason ranges.
 Nor shall the bell of sadness toll,
 Till death shall ring the changes.

.....

THE NEWSMAN.

SUNG BY MR. ROMER.

WHO better knows the world than I,
 A newsmen is my calling,
 And in all weathers, wet or dry,
 Rare news I'm always bawling ;
 And when the folks I want to buy,
 My papers to enhance,
 Here's dreadful news, I loudly cry,
 But just arriv'd from France ;
 Thus when to queer the folks I chuse,
 I blow my horn and cry rare news.

Thus when to queer, &c.

Search round the world, you'll find 'tis true,-
 The one half of mankind,
 The plan of puffing do pursue,
 The other half to blind ;
 Yon doctor, who so rich and gay,
 Drives on thro' life so cheerly,
 Puffs off his pills, and tells you they
 Some thousand folks cure yearly ;
 Thus when to queer the folks they chuse,
 Each puffs his praise and cries rare news.

Your money lenders advertise,
 And puff their schemes so fair,
 They tell us us'ry they despise,
 Then trap the rich man's heir ;
 Others to catch the fair will puff,
 Their soap for ladies faces,
 Fine turkish wash, or some rare stuff,
 Which gives a thousand graces ;
 Thus when to queer the folks they chuse,
 They puff away and cry rare news.
 Players and dancers, well 'tis known,
 Gain half their fame by puffing,
 With their own praise they cram the town,
 Their pocket meantime stuffing ;
 Thus each to trick his neighbour tries,
 The aim the golden stuff,
 To gain the which they spare no lies,
 But give ye puff for puff ;
 But when to queer the folks I chuse,
 I blow my horn and cry rare news.

.....

DOLLY THIMBLE.

SUNG BY MR. FAWCETT.

LET bucks of the town praise their fine ladies fair,
 And talk of their wonderful graces,
 I ne'er can agree such great beauties dwell there,
 To be sure there's some few pretty faces ;

Of one more fair than those I sing,
 One so fair, so pretty, neat, and so nimble,
 Search round the world, I'll defy you to bring,
 Such another as my Dolly Thimble.

In her cheeks are seen blended the lily and rose,
 In her shins the sweetness of love ;
 I'm sure that from earth my dear girl ne'er arose,
 Descended she's sure from above :
 And when this fair angel of sweetness I view,
 My heart does so beat and so tremble,
 Struck dumb with surprize, I'm scarce able to woo,
 This heaven-born maid—Dolly Thimble.

O ye gods and ye goddesses, great or if small,
 Who preside o'er us mortals below ;
 I pray you attend to a true lovers's call,
 And relieve a fond heart of its woe ;
 For my faith sincere, I now claim reward,
 Ye gods, in your favors be nimble,
 I ask not for riches, or fame by the sword,
 But I ask for my fair Dolly Thimble.

.....

BOLD JACK.

Tune—When up the shrouds, &c.

WHEN from aloft the sailor views
 Around the briny main ;
 Behold afar the darling foes,
 His master's rights proclaim :

Bold Jack, with courage, bawls aloud,
The signal round is hurl'd ;
And sovereign grog is quaff'd around,
While liberty's the word.

He hails the foe with hearty cheer,
And sovereign George proclaim ;
His heart elate, he knows no fear,
But England's rights maintain :
When thund'ring loud the cannons roar,
Jack still enjoys his joke ;
E'en Neptune rise to join in choir,
And hail the heart of oak.

But when at last the victory's won,
And death around him stares ;
That heart where courage late did burn,
Now melts and drops a tear ;
Long may great George his rights assert,
With glory to the world ;
And every heart with rapture start,
When liberty's the word.

.....

LOVE FOR LOVE.

Tune—*How sweet's the love that meets return.*

WHEN Flora round her mantle spreads,
And flow'rets paint the smiling meads ;
When sweet the choristers of spring,
Among the groves are heard to sing ;

And from the soft and cooing dove,
Is heard the note of love for love.

'Tis then with BETSEY that I stray,
As innocent as lambs at play ;
Now seek the happy wood-bine shade,
And view the scene around display'd ;
There every tender wish improve,
And taste the sweets of love for love.

There oft the moments to prolong,
I tune my pipe or raise the song ;
While from her kind and beaming eye,
I find fond tenderneſs reply ;
And all the sweets of life I prove,
For BETSEY gives me love for love.

.....

WINE AND KISSES.

SUNG BY MR. DARLEY, AT VAUXHALL.

LET ſons of ſlaughter ſhew their ſkill,
By hunting a fox or hare,
We join the chace, but ſcorn to kill,
Unleſs it be to kill care.

*Our chace ſhall boiſy gaily be,
Women and wine before us ;
We'll hunt the bottle merrily,
And ſmacking kiſs in chorus.*

Great Alexander fury hurl'd,
 In chasing he'd not halt ;
 But after carthing half the world,
 He found himself at fault.

Grave undertakers love the chace,
 They hunt for loss of breath ;
 For when we've run our earthly race,
 They come in at the death.

That parsons are your hunting men,
 No one can sure deny,
 They goslings chace, for one in ten,
 And tithe pigs in full cry.

We'll bumpers fill, aye, fill apace,
 And drink our way to fame ;
 Liquor and love shall be our chace,
 Women and wine our game.

.....

WHEN IN WAR ON THE OCEAN.

SUNG BY MR. BANNISTER,

At the Anacreontic Society.

WHEN in war on the ocean we meet the proud foe,
 Tho' with ardor for conquest our bosoms may glow ;
 Let us see on their vessels Old England's flag wave,
 They shall find British sailors but conquer to save.

And now their pale ensigns we view from afar,
 With three cheers they are welcom'd by each British tar;
 Whilst the genius of Britain still bids us advance,
 And our guns hurl in thunder, defiance to France.

But mark our last broadside ! she sinks ! down she goes !
 Quickly man all your boats—they no longer are foes ;
 To snatch a brave fellow from a watery grave,
 Is worthy a Britain who conquers to save.

.....

THE LOYAL NUTMAN,

SUNG BY MR. JOHANNOT, AT THE ROYAL SALOON.

HERE's Nuts of all sorts, very fine—
 Who'll tofs, my Masters ?—up and win.
 Here's Nuts for those who relish wine,
 And likewise those who fancy gin.
 Here's dainty Nuts for dainty maids,
 And here's your bachelor's also—
 Here's hearty Nuts for hearty blades,
 And Nuts for many a harmless beau !

“ Lord bless me,” says a cherry-cheek'd damsel, “ what makes you so nutty this morning ? ” “ I can't help it my dear,” says I, “ haven't you heard the news ?—Earl HOWE has given the French such a drubbing, with some of the best seasoned Nuts that were ever baked in an oven.

*Come buy my Nuts—my dainty Nuts,
 For lol de r. i, &c.*

Here's Nuts of rue for all Conventions,
 With Nuts for lawyers in vacation ;
 Here's Nuts to quiet all contentions,
 And loyal Nuts for all the Nation.
 Here's Nuts as sweet as any rose,
 For all the powers in alliance,
 With Nuts to physic Britain's foes,
 And all who bid her Laws defiance.

Aye, my Nuts of Loyalty—they are the Nuts for selling and giving a relish to our wine ! The devil of a pretty girl is there in the Country, but will take off a glafs, and drink Success to the Happiness of Old England, and good luck to the lads that fight in defence of it.

*My pretty Nuts—my dainty Nuts,
 Fol de rol, &c.*

.....

MIRA AND EDWIN.

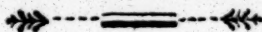
Tune—How sweet in the Woodlands, &c.

HOW sweet with my charmer to kiss and to toy,
 Beneath the soft banners of Venus's joy ;
 There beauty unites while fond pleasures renew,
 For Mira, fair Mira, is constant and true.

Assist me, ye lovers, the nymph to display,
 More sweet than the violet or hawthorn in May ;
 May fortune still crown her with pleasure and ease,
 For Mira's delight is dear Edwin to please.

»==»
NEW SONGS,

SUNG AT VAUXHALL.



TOM CARELESS.

BY MR. DIGNUM.

TOM Careless was odd, like a genius, some said,
And his heart, to speak truth, was as odd as his head;
For he slighted all maxims to serve his own ends,
And he had but one purpose—a zeal for his friends:
His motto was this, in whatever you do,
“Persist in the right, and you’re sure to come through.”

In life ’twas his fortune, alas! to take part,
In sorrows that wore and that wounded the heart,
To himself, like the Miser, he kept all his grief;
His philosophy, silence, that slighted relief:
When danger oppos’d him, he still kept in view
His old motto, “persist, and you’re sure to come through.”

Men complain of the sex, but so strange was his mind;
Treat them well, he would say, and they’re sure to be kind.
When he heard of bad people, this whimsical elf,
Had a strange way of thinking all good but himself:
The world gave him talents he thought were not true,
His empire was temper, and there he came through:

Of foes, while he lived, he could reckon not one ;
 When he died, all exclaimed, " that good temper was gone."
 TOM CARELESS had converse which sorrow beguil'd,
 For he talk'd like a man with the heart of a child ;
 And to his last moments, this point kept in view,
 " Persist in the right, and you're sure to come through."

.....

O PITY A MAIDEN.

BY MISS MILNE.

YE youths, wheresoever ye wander so free,
 I pray give attention and listen to me,
 For truly my case is distressing and hard,
 If none of your sex will my counsel regard :
 If you wish for a wife,
 To be happy for life,
 Here's one that will give you a heart for a heart ;
 Come, come. prithee buy,
 Or else I shall die,
 O pity a maiden and pray take her part,
 Ah, do—ah do—
 O pity a maiden and pray take her part.

Full seventeen summers have now roll'd along,
 And still I'm unmarried—a little too long !
 But, since I have waited the time I have said,
 I'll tell you the husband I now wish to wed :
 Good sense I must find,
 In the youth to my mind,

Not a fop or a coxcomb can e'er touch my heart ;

No, no—he must be

Good temper'd and free—

O, pity a maiden and pray take her part.

Ah, do, ah do, &c.

Should you turn in your minds now a virgin's advice,

I charge you, ye bachelors, don't be too nice ;

Tho' for virtue and so forth I may stand the test,

O, you'll find me no more than a woman at best !

Indeed it is true,

So mind what you do,

'Ere you dare for the Temple of Hymen to start ;

But should you incline,

Hand and heart to entwine,

O, pity a maiden and pray take her part.

Ah, do—ah, do, &c.

.....

*HOW DARE YOU KEEP TEASING & SQUEEZING
ME SO.*

BY MRS. MOUNTAIN.

WH E N I was a chit, just got into my teens,

And the men would be asking a kiss ;

Thinks I to myself, I scarce know what it means,

But I think I ought not to say yes :

To be sure it was fine
 When they call'd me divine,
 Tho' I've simper'd and cry'd let me go,
 O dear, Sir, O la !
 I'll acquaint my mamma,
 If thus you keep teasing and squeezing me so.

Improving in skill as advancing in years,
 Each lesson of love got by heart,
 More eager my hopes, more decided my fears,
 Pure nature fought refuge in art—
 At each swain that drew nigh,
 I look'd under my eye,
 And loiter'd pretending to go :
 If prest to set down,
 I exclaim'd with a frown,
 How dare you keep teasing and squeezing me so.

Coqueting's now o'er, and settled for life,
 Each feeling is fairly confess'd,
 Attach'd to the duties of parent and wife,
 'Tis nature still reigns in the breast :
 To my heart's bosom friend,
 I no coolness pretend,
 Nor from him seem anxious to go :
 Nor ever complain,
 With affected disdain,
 But doubt whether squeezing be teasing or no.

THE GLORIOUS FIRST OF JUNE.

SUNG BY MR. TAYLOR,

COME let us raise the war-like lay,
 Let fame her trump attune,
 In glad remembrance of the day,
 The glorious first of June :
 When British Tars oft' 'ere awhile,
 Did new renown obtain,
 And bravely prov'd their favor'd Isle
 Still mistress of the main :
 Triumphant shall our navies plough
 The seas from shore to shore,
 And France in future times know Howe
 To conquer as before.

Emerging from his bed of rocks,
 Old Neptune eager rose,
 Then sternly shook his briny locks,
 To view the mighty foes ;
 Vain Galia, cry'd the frowning god,
 Detested by their cause ;
 Who'd rule the world with iron rod,
 And break true Freedom's laws :
 These foaming billows soon shall flow,
 Bestain'd with purple gore,
 And Frenchmen to their cost know Howe,
 To conquer as before.

The foes defied this dread decree,
 Resolv'd, with naval might,
 To win the empire of the sea,
 Or perish in the fight :
 Tremendous then the battle rag'd,
 The waves seem'd all on fire ;
 And dauntless ship and ship engag'd,
 While fame did each inspire :
 Some struck, while others moving slow,
 To gain their native shore,
 Proclaim that British Tars know Howe
 To conquer as before.

.....

GRAMACHREE.

SUNG BY MRS. FRANKLIN.

IN the land of Hibernia young Pat drew his breath,
 And sure ever since he has teaz'd me to death ;
 For sweetly he sings, and makes love with such art,
 By the faith of St. Patrick he's shot thro' my heart :

With his gramachree Molly, oeb, what can I do ?

He vows if I'll enter the conjugal life,
 He'll—Oh, to be sure—only make me his wife !
 Then so tender he looks when we lovingly chat,
 That I long to be married—but won't tell him that.

With his gramachree, &c.

Last Sunday at church he must fain tell the priest,
In a week or two more we are wedded at least :
And sure since he said it, my conscience will say,
If he don't lead me there, I will shew him the way.

With his gramacbee, &c.

.....

ELIZA.

SUNG BY MASTER PHELPS.

HARK ! hark ! ELIZA's tuneful voice,
Gives harmony to love's soft song ;
Hush ev'ry rude and vulgar noise,
Ye zephyrs softly breathe along :

See love herself stands list'ning by,
While Cupids hover round,
Let not the tender heaving sigh,
Disturb the magic sound :

'Tis heav'n to hear ELIZA's voice
When love inspires the song,
But ah ! how must that swain rejoice,
Whose name her notes prolong.



WILLIAM AND SUSAN.

SUNG BY MISS MILNE.

THO' Old England, cried WILLIAM invites me to arms,
 And bids me, dear SUSAN, relinquish thy charms,
 Yet still thy lov'd image shall dwell in my heart,
 And 'midst ev'ry danger sweet transport impart;
 'Till with victory crown'd I return to the shore,
 Then SUSAN, dear SUSAN, I'll leave thee no more.

To Neptune and Mars my fond suit I prefer'd,
 Who sooth'd me with smiles when my story they heard &
 For with tears and with sighs I their pity implor'd.
 And begg'd they would spare the dear youth I ador'd,
 And I said, if a victor, they sent him to shore.
 That WILLIAM, dear WILLIAM would leave me no more.

The gods thus reply'd, and I thank'd them indeed,
 The daughters of Albion in vain never plead,
 E'en the whole British fleet in that glory shall share,
 Which we to bestow on thy lover prepare :
 Soon in triumph, cried I, will our fleet reach the shore,
 Then WILLIAM, dear WILLIAM, will leave me no more.

While Britannia the laurels prepar'd for her Howe,
 He nobly exclaim'd, 'ere the wreath grac'd his brow,
 'Twas the brave British seamen that vanquish'd the foe,
 And WILLIAM was foremost his courage to show :
 So with victory crown'd they return'd to the shore,
 And WILLIAM, dear WILLIAM shall leave me no more.

SO LET THE BILLOWS ROAR.

SUNG BY MR. DIGNUM.

WH E N whistling winds are heard to blow,
 In tempests o'er the earth,
 The seaman's oft dash'd to and fro,
 Yet cheerly takes his birth :
 And as he fearless mounts the shrouds,
 Awhile the vessel fwings,
 Tho' skies are mantled o'er with clouds,
 The gallant sailor sings :
'Tis pretty POLL and bonest JACK,
My girl and friend on shore,
Will bail me at returning back,
So let the billows roar.

When bending o'er the rocking yard,
 While seas in mountains rise,
 He takes a spell however hard,
 And danger e'er defies :
 The storm once o'er, the gallant tar
 Let's fancy freely roam,
 And tho' from many a friend afar,
 Thus sings of those at home.
'Tis pretty POLL, &c.

On burning coasts, or frozen seas,
 Alike in each extreme,
 The gallant sailor's e'er at ease,
 And floats with fortune's stream :

To love and friendship ever true,
 He steers life's course along,
 And wheresoever failing to,
 Fond hope elates his song.
 'Tis pretty POLL, &c.

.....

SWEET LOVE I'LL MARRY THEE.

SUNG BY MRS. MOUNTAIN.

WH E N Donald first came wooing me,
 'Twas on Cromarty-Green,
 The lad had long been loving me,
 Tho' I was but nineteen :
 He sung of that and talk'd of this,
 And many things said he,
 At length he cry'd, and took a kiss,
 Sweet love I'll marry thee :
 My bonny blithsome winsome lass,
 Sweet love I'll marry thee.

I told him plain it munna be,
 For why, I was too young ;
 And was for tripping o'er the lea,
 In spite of all he sung :
 Stop, lassy, stop awhile, he cry'd,
 And pull'd me on his knee,
 I tell thee thou shall be a bride,
 Sweet love I'll marry thee :
 My bonny blithsome winsome lass,
 Sweet love I'll marry thee.

I winna, canna marry you,
 Said I, so let me go ;
 He kifs'd, he prefs'd, what could I do,
 While he kept teasing so :
 And wilt thou e'er prove false, I said,
 O try me, love, said he ;
 Why then, says I, I think we'll wed,
 Sweet love I'll marry thee :
 My bonny blithsome winsome lad,
 Sweet love I'll marry thee.

.....

LOVE SONG.

BALMY pledge of love sincere,
 Sweeter than the dew bent rose,
 Rapture unalloy'd by care,
 Whence perennial pleasure flows.

Sweeter than the morning breeze,
 Wafted o'er the op'ning flow'r,
 Than the bloom of hawthorn trees,
 After May's pellucid show'r.

These, my fair, like transient youth,
 Boast their spring and disappear,
 But thy lips preserv'd by truth,
 Breathe their sweetness all the year.

*BRITONS STRUCK HOME, LED THE WAY BY
LORD HOWE.*

WH E N France, grown rebellious, gave death to her
king,

And hurl'd at Britannia the threat of defiance ;
The Genius of Britain was thus heard to sing,
As she smil'd on her navy and each art and science.

Ye tars of Old England, my sons now advance,
Proud Gallia shall soon British valour allow ;
Your stout wooden castles shall soon humble France,
When, Britons strike home, led the way by Lord Howe.

Arouz'd by the summons, her tars flew to arms,
Each sea-god look'd up on their actions with wonder,
Confusion and terror the foe soon alarms,
For what could avail the effects of their thunder.

Ye tars of Old England 'twas yours to advance,
And soon make each Frenchman your valour allow ;
Your stout wooden castles have humbled proud France,
For, Britons struck home, led the way by Lord Howe.

From his blood-bestain'd billows old Neptune arose,
And waving his trident with joy o'er the main ;
Britannia triumphant arose o'er her foes,
While the god of the ocean took part in the strain.

Ye tars of Old England 'twas yours to advance,
And soon make each Frenchman your valour allow,
Your stout wooden castles have humbled proud France,
For, Britons struck home, led the way by Lord Howe,

THE MOST-APPROVED
SONGS,

Sung this Season, (1794)

A T

BERMONDSEY - SPA.

THE MARKET LASS.

Mrs. WEWITZER.

THO' my dad I must own is but poor,
His cot can each comfort supply,
The vine tendril curls round the door,
And streamlets meander anigh;
Health reigns and rewards daily toil,
I rise at the lark's early song,
And meeting my swain at the stile,
To market we trip it along.

Sweet scented as blossoms in May,
Butter-prints my neat basket o'erspread,
Milk-white chickens, cream-cheese, I display,
And I'll vouch'd ev'ry egg is new laid :

L

To partake in my health-earning toil,
 My Swain holds it ne'er can be wrong,
 Bears the weight of my load with a smile,
 As to market we trip it along.

Arriv'd soon I purchasers view,
 Sell my stock very oft in a trice,
 Reap the produce to industry due,
 But ne'er charge above market price,
 Returning, the way we beguile
 With a tale, or a joke or a song,
 Snatch a warm parting kifs at the stile,
 To our cot then we trip it along.

.....

CHIT CHAT.

Mrs. LEAVER.

TO gossip about I'm often inclin'd,
 As other young lasses will do you will find ;
 With them there is few more happy than me,
 While canvassing fashions and sipping my tea.
 If we talk of our sweethearts, what harm is in that—
 'Tis all for the sake of a little CHIT CHAT.

While innocence governs wherever we go,
 And prudence attends, there's no harm in't you know :
 If we frolic with pleasure where fancy invites,
 That artless amusement the bosom delights ;

If we laugh or we sing, why what harm is in that—
’Tis all at the best but a little CHIT CHAT.

Some gossiping people have scandal’d in vain,
With Dolly or Molly I’ve nothing to do;
If heedless, alas, the poor simpletons stray’d,
You know then the best is the least that is said :
To publish their folly, I can’t abide that,
It’s going beyond what I mean by CHIT CHAT:

I hope that my fate and my fortune will be,
That folly will ne’er bring disgrace upon me ;
That candour to others I wish to extend,
Such candour I hope, will through life be my friend ;
Your kindness I hope, and I’ll thank you for that,
If you will but excuse now my little CHIT CHAT.

.....

THE CAMP WEDDING.

Mrs. LEAVER.

THE beaux of our Village are smart and look gaily,
And many a lover among them I’ve had ;
But the sight of the Camp so bewitch the Girls daily,
The Drum and Cockade sure have drove us half mad :
Let them say what they will, a soldier for Nancy,
I’ll hasten away to the Camp on the Green ;
Young Cupid shall wound the dear youth to my fancy,
That saucy rude creature—the Captain I mean.

A foldier for me, for they kifs us and plunder,
 With York's noble Duke, to the battle he'll go ;
 And proud Valenciennes to our arms did surrender,
 In love and in fighting his courage he'll shew :
 Let them say what they will, a foldier for Nancy,
 I'll hasten away to the Camp on the Green ;
 Young Cupid shall wound the dear youth to my fancy,
 That faucy rude creature—the Captain I mean.

Then cease you fine fellows your flattery and fawning,
 My foldier will never his valour degrade ;
 The Chaplain has join'd us in wedlock this morning.
 At beat of the drum on the chearful parade :
 Then listen, dear girls, if you e'er wish to marry,
 Hasten away to the Camp, let your beauty be seen ;
 Young Cupid will ne'er let your causes miscarry.
 You'll find a smart youth at the Camp on the Green.

.....

SAYS I YOU'RE BUT IN JEST.

Mrs. WEWITZER.

ON May day morn as thro' the mead in search of lambs
 astray,
 Young Strephon, I by chance, did meet, with looks so
 blythe and gay ;
 He eagerly did seize my hand, and would have me carest,
 I frowning push'd him with rebuke—*says I you're but in jest.*

My lovely maid, the swain reply'd, believe me I'm sincere,
The heart that dictates knows I'm true, for honor I revere ;
Dear girl, said he, I'll have a kiss, then clasp'd me to his
breast,

Indeed, says I, you lose your time—*I know you're but in jest.*

Oh, hear me then, the youth exclaim'd, nor leave me in
despair,

If you'll be mine, your happiness, shall be my constant care ;
Then oh ! be kind to Strephon, true, and sooth my heart
to rest,

Be gone, says I, you men but joke—*Indeed you're but in jest.*

Of fortune I boast not, says he, it is my humble lot
To keep a farm, few sheep, a cow, also a homely cot :
If you will to the Church then go, I ever shall be blest,
My hand here take, I answer'd straight—*I see you're not in
jest.*

.....

THE SOLDIER'S DEPARTURE.

Mr. PILBROW.

WHY Molly, dear girl, do you whimper and sob,
And sigh till your heart's like to burst ;
What tho' a rude bullet should strike off my nob,
Mine surely will not be the first :
And death we well know in the purple-dy'd field,
Regards neither rank or degree ;

For when the grim tyrant fate's weapon doth wield,
 He'd as leaf strike the General as me.
 Then cheer up, dear Molly, no longer complain,
 But banish your sorrow afar ;
 It may be that I shall come safe home again,
 Enrich'd with the Trophies of War.

Tho' it may be wrote in the roll-book of fate,
 That 'midst the dread battle's alarm,
 Poor Tom may receive a hard rap on the pate,
 Or be lopp'd of a leg or an arm—
 Shall I shrink from my duty, when glory doth call,
 Shall Britain expect me in vain :—
 Tho' a turf be my pillow, my breakfast a ball,
 Why, d——n me, if e'er I complain :
 So it argues nothing, my charmer, to cry,
 Let hope, then, to grief be a bar ;
 There's a just God of battles that hovers on high,
 May reward me with Trophies of War.

'Midst danger, undaunted, each Briton should rove,
 Endow'd with the soul of a man ;
 While foplings and fribbles may caper at home,
 Whose life's a mere flash in the pan :
 But if so be I'm destin'd to die in my bed,
 And not in a battle be slain ;
 Belike it may happen with laurels o'erspread,
 I'll come to my Molly again.
 Then a truce to your whining, nor Molly thus cry,
 Don't you know while I'm fighting afar,
 There's a just God of battles that hovers on high,
 Will reward me with Trophies of War.

THE MODERN VEIL.

Mr. PILBROW.

FAIR Flora, the pride of the daisy-deck'd vale,
 How long I have sigh'd to in vain ;
 And still tho' with truth I embellish'd my tale,
 No gleam of fond hope can obtain :
 For ever since fashion began to pervade
 Our sweet rural nymphs of the Dale,
 Her face, which with rapture I've often survey'd,
 Is hid from my sight by a Veil.

Not Venus herself, higher beauty can shew,
 Nor bright ruddy morning disclose
 More lustre, while sipping the sweet pearly dew,
 Nocturnally still'd by the rose :
 But then the fair maid is capricious and proud,
 And moves but in prudery's pale ;
 Her face like Aurora's when wrapt in a cloud,
 Is hid from my sight by a Veil.

One day a fly perch'd on her delicate lip,
 Which sure it mistook for a rose ;
 Extracting Ambrosia, with rapturous sip,
 I envy'd the pleasure it chose.
 O would the sweet maiden but deign to be kind,
 I then could true happiness hail ;
 Ye Gods, tho' she still hide her face, let her mind,
 Be free from coquetry's Veil,

YOU SHAN'T, SIR.

Mrs. LEAVER.

JOHNNY met me t' other day,
Blith young foldier Johnny ;
Whither going, he did say,
Pretty las , so bonny :—

Stop awhile and let us talk—
No, says I, I can't, fir,
Then, says he, with you I'll walk—
No, says I—*You shan't, Sir.*

Johnny dropp'd his hand with speed,
And he kifs'd me sweetly ;
Yes, he truly did, indeed,
Oh, he did it neatly :—
Still he cry'd, Come, let us woo—
No, says I—I can't, fir,
Then, says he, I'll gang with you—
No, says I—*You shan't, Sir.*

Come, my dear, be kind—says he—
Soothe a lover's sorrow ;
And to Church repair with me,
Bonny las, to-morrow :
Say you will, and ease my woe—
No, says I—I can't, fir,
Then, said he, to war I'll go—
No, says I—*You shan't, Sir.*

HERE'S TO THE GIRL I LOVE.

MR. PIERCE.

THE gallant sailor plows the deep,
 To face the haughty foe ;
He guards our coast, while landsmen sleep,
 And winds tempestuous blow :
Tho' boldly still he guards the coast,
 He's constant as the Dove ;
And o'er his grog this is the toast—
 Here's to the Girl I love.

In battle, let the cannons roar,
 And deadly bullets fly ;
He still exerts his utmost power,
 And danger does defy :
He minds his duty to the last,
 His honest heart to prove ;
And drinks, when all the fury's past—
 Here's to the Girl I love.

With conquest crown'd, he comes again,
 To hail his native land ;
Safe from the dangers of the main,
 He leaps into the strand :
Swift to his Nancy there he flies,
 New raptures then to prove ;
And drinks, with tender melting sighs—
 Here's to the Girl I love.

MOGGY OF THE COT.

MISS WILLIAMS.

The Words by H. Keeble.

YOUNG Harry would a courting go,
And fain would marry Mog;
But Kate and Jane, and Betsey too,
Would no way let him jog:
With smiles each tried to gain his heart,
But Hal car'd not a jot;
For he in truth swore ne'er to part
With Moggy of the Cot.

Young Moggy was his heart's delight,
And she lov'd him full well;
When on the Green they danc'd each night,
There, am'rous tales would tell:
She'd smile—he'd laugh, with such a glee,
Was proud to own his lot—
They marry'd was—Hal paid his fee—
To Moggy of the Cot.

Poor Dad and Mam was very glad
To hear the happy news;
With haste they ran, drest in the plaid,
The ribbons for to chuse:
Each lad and lass met on the Green,
To praise young Harry's lot;
Kate, Jane, and Bet, at Church was seen
With Moggy of the Cot.

HEIGHO !

Mrs. WRIGHTEN.

THE pleasures of May
 Invited to stray,
 Where cowslips and violets blow ;
 When, blest with content,
 With the lasses I went,
 But now I repent it—*Heigho !*

For Damon was there,
 So graceful his air,
 With love I began soon to glow ;
 In vain blooms the spring,
 In vain the birds sing,
 By Cupid I'm wounded—*Heigho !*

I'm terribly vex't,
 Tormented, perplex't,
 And scarcely can tell where I go ;
 If Damon pass by,
 How confused am I,
 He's all that I wish for—*Heigho !*

'Twas but t'other day,
 While my lambs were at play,
 Sometimes they a rambling will go ;
 He came in my view,
 And said—How do ye do ?
 I answer'd him only—*Heigho !*

Should he ask me to wed,
 As it runs in my head
 He has some inclination to do;
 I shall surely comply,
 For I own, bye-the bye,
 That will hinder my fighting—*Heigh!*

.....

THE SOLDIER CLAD IN WARLIKE ARMS.

Tune—In vain I seek the woodbine bower.

THE foldier clad in warlike arms,
 Behold in yonder field;
 Whilst echo's sound, his bosom warms,
 To conquer or to yield.

See glory beaming from each eye,
 Their standard round they wield,
 Resolv'd to conquer or to die,
 But never basely yield.

The trumpet sounds, the fight's begun,
 And Mars conducts the field;
 Huzza, my boys, see victory's won,
 To England all must yield.



THE MOST FAVOURITE
SONGS IN THE VILLAGE GHOST.

As performed at Sadler's Wells.

SONG—Mr. GRAY.

WHY, Daughter 'tis true, yet like you I was young,
Like you cou'd have chirp'd, cou'd have danc'd and have
 fung,
And 'tis true too likewise,
I'd a pair of such eyes,
That the Parson, Exciseman, the Lawyer and Clerk,
Compar'd them to candles that shine in the dark,
And moreover than that it is known very well,
That the 'Squire to the neighbours would frequently tell,
That had I been a Lady, perhaps, do you see,
Why he might—but good lack that's all over with me.
Then slight not my Counsel, because I am old,
Remember, a Daughter should do as she's told ;
 You'll find in the end,
 Poor Goody your friend,
Who bid you be cautious, of men to beware,
For they'll lye and they'll flatter, then lord how they'll swear,
And if you'll believe me, why then my dear child,
They'll play you such tricks, it wou'd make one run wild ;
I've prov'd it myself, so 'tis true do you see,
But that, lackadaisy's, all over with me.

SONG—MR. DIGHTON.

COME listen awhile and I'll sing you a ditty,
 Shall make ev'ry soul of you laugh till you cry,
 And own you ne'er heard of a tale half so pretty,
 As what I'm beginning to tell by and by ;
 Its all about Blunder O' Whack of Kilkanney,
 Who took once from Dublin to London a trip,
 For staying at home why I thought it all Blarney,
 So I set off and walk'd all the way in a ship :
With my Whack, &c.

For I'd an ould uncle I tell you my honey,
 Who died in the morning one night t' other day,
 And he very civilly left me all his money,
 Because, why, he could'nt well take it away ;
 So when I had money I rode it in chaises,
 And look'd very big upon those that had none,
 For he that has no cash may walk if he pleases,
 Or if that don't please him, why then he must run :
With my Whack, &c.

So to London I came, and I thought it so pretty,
 To see the folks crowding along in the Street,
 Where a body may walk from the Strand to the City,
 And run up against every soul that you meet ;
 And then there's the gentry so nate and so nimble,
 As if to the business they born were and bred,
 Who can slip off a watch, or a purse, or a thimble,
 Or your pocket can pick, of the hat off your head :
With my Whack, &c.

SONG—Mr. NORMAN.

WHEN folks meet together dissentions to sow,
And breeding divisions, encourage the foe ;
While false motives and colours they hold to our view,
'Tis a Sign they might find something better to do.

But in England thank Heav'n we're rather too wise,
For our neighbours in France have now open'd our eyes ;
And however mad people together combine,
Of disloyalty here, you won't meet the least sign.

Then let the Convention attempt to come here,
To eat up our beef, or to drink our strong beer,
Of that they'll be short, but if fighting they wish.
At each sign in the town they would meet a good dish.

But rough entertainment they'd find at the Buck,
And they'd meet at the Elephant no better luck,
They'd get their heads comb'd if they call'd at the Fleece,
And they'd run from the Swan, like a parcel of geese.

They'd have little to boast of success to their cause,
If once the Brown Bear hugg'd 'em fast in his paws ;
At the Boot they'd get spurr'd, at the Clog they'd get pegg'd,
From the Freemason's Arms they'd soon take to their legs

The Lions, no matter of black, white, or red,
Wou'd prove that they good British Lions were bred,
The Tyger to Frenchmen wou'd hardly be civil,
And they'd get from the Angel all kick'd to the Devil.

May the Sign of the KING ever meet with respect,
And our good Constitution each Briton protect ;
And may he who first caus'd all the troubles in France,
Be hung on a sign-post, on nothing to dance.

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SONG—Mrs. MERCHANT.

MY name's Harry Halliard, I care not a fig,
Who vapours, who swaggers, who struts or looks big !
My girl I can court, for my King I can fight,
And shiver my timbers ! I think I am right :

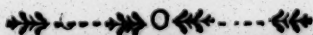
*For I take ev'ry chance as I happen to find it,
And if they turn cross, why then I ne'er mind it ;
'Tis foolish d'ye see for to fidget and fret it,
And if a shot comes—'tis the best way to let it.*

Let Parliamenteerers fall out, why, what then ?
They're welcome, for Harry, to fall in again—
Let Frenchmen for Freedom each other belop,
French fashions I hate, and I won't be a crop.

But I'll take ev'ry chance, &c.

When danger is nigh I consider this here,
That a true honest heart has got nothing to fear ;
And let the worst come, I am not such a dunce,
Not to know that Old Davy can take me but once.

So I'll run ev'ry chance, &c.



Then there's Hughes's and Afley's odd whimses and
capers,

Where horses have every perfection but speech,
And the jockies all ride as you read in the papers,
On *three horses at once*, with *a leg upon each* ;
And then there's your Sieges and Battles so clever,
Where wooden bataillions all join in the strife,
And soldiers of pasteboard each other disserve,
And all the *dead* men looks as natural as *life*.

With a Whack, &c.

Then for Dublin I travell'd all night and all day,
While the ship in the water was led such a dance,
That somehow we found she'd mistaken her way,
And instead of dear Dublin we landed in France ;
Where, if a man dare his opinion to mention,
Before he can speak it they chop off his head !
For those ugly spalpeens that are call'd the Convention,
Never try a poor fellow till after he's dead.

With a Whack, &c.

And so by my conscience I left them behind, Sir,
And soon made the best of my way from the South ;
For how did I know but they might be so kind, Sir,
As to send home O'Whack with his head in his mouth :
And to London return'd, I was pleas'd d'ye see, Sir,
To think from those blood-hounds I safe had got back ;
For if they had happen'd to Guillotine me, Sir,
'Twould have spoil'd all the singing of Blunder
O'Whack.

With a Whack, &c.

SONG—MR. DIGHTON.

A WEDDING's a wedding the universe over,
 From Pekin to London, from Turkey to Dover ;
 Married folk are the same, wherever they're born,
 From the Cape of Good Hope till you double Cape Horn.
And sing Balinimona Oro, &c.

When a king means to wed, why he does it by proxy,
 And sends over a lord to espouse his fair doxy ;
 When a commoner marries, the bridegroom, poor elf !
 Is obliged to go thro' all the business himself.

In Owhyee, they say, there's a stick broke in two,
 If you look in Cooke's Voyage, you'll find it is true ;
 In England they never break sticks it is said,
 But married folks often break—each other's head !

A foldier and lassy jump over a sword,
 A sailor and girl oft take each other's word,
 A Jew may espouse his great aunts or his cousins,
 And Turks buy their wives, like our chickens, by dozens.

At a wedding in Ireland, they're wond'rous frisky,
 With black eyes, bloody noses, punch, claret, and whiskey ;
 In Scotland they've haggies, hodge-podge, and sheep's
 head ;
 And in Holland they smoke till they're all put to bed.

By whatever forms we are join'd to each other,
 May husband and wife live like sister and brother :
 Be the int'rests of Britain united for ever,
 Like folks that are married to separate never.

- Frugality without meanness.
- The steady friends of Britain.
- May our happiness be sincere and our joys lasting.
- May Wisdom and Discretion be our pilots.
- Sincerity in friendship, and constancy in love.
- May the actors of vice sink in the first scene.
- May prosperity ever be the attendant of a humane and charitable heart.
- May we never speak to deceive, nor listen to betray.
- May we never murmur without a cause, and never have cause to murmur.
- May our hounds, horses, and hearts never fail us.
- A homely wife, a neat retreat.
- Merit to win a heart, and sense to keep it,
- May inclination for doing good never want ability.
- May he who wishes to deceive ever be deceived.
- May genius and merit never want a friend.
- May the nation be blessed with plenty and the people with gratitude.
- May the scissars of experience clip the wings of extravagance
- The virtuous fair—and the fair virtuous.
- The lovers of honour, and honourable lovers.
- Constancy in love, and sincerity in friendship.
- May we ever learn to correct ourselves before we begin to correct others.
- May we check passion before passion checks us.
- May the road to happiness be lighted by virtue.
- The steady friends of Britain.
- May our endeavours be always successful, when engaged under the banner of justice.

All that love can give or sensibility enjoy.

May health paint the cheek and sincerity the heart.

May we breakfast with health, dine with friendship, crack a bottle with mirth, and sup with the goddesses contentment.

A speedy exportation of all the enemies of Great-Britain without a drawback.

May life last as long as it's worth wearing.

May we take reason and patience in the right-hand, and hope in the left.

When bravery secures victory to Britain, may mercy aid the conquest.

May we never make matrimony a matter of money.

The harvest of life, love, wit and good humour.

When wine enlivens the heart, let friendship surround the bottle.

Addition to our trade, subtraction to our taxes, and multiplication to our manufactures.

Calamity to those who would make us feel it.

May the tide of fortune float us into the harbour of content.

May contempt be the fate of such among us as strut in foreign foppery, to the destruction of the trade and manufactures of Great-Britain.

May the time-piece of life be regulated by the dial of virtue.

May sentiment never be sacrificed by the tongue of deceit.

May we ever keep the whip-hand of our enemies.

May every succeeding year strengthen our friendship and increase our prosperity.

May the examples of evil produce good, and reward effect that reformation to which punishment has proved ineffectual.



T H E
COMPLETE TOAST MASTER.

FOR 1795.

.....

LONG may the *HARMONIST* successful prove,
The fullen brow of long-fac'd Care to move ;
May Fame, to sound its merits, never cease,
And every year its welcome Sale increafe.

A little alteration,
Without a revolution,
The same King,
And the same Constitution.

The *King*—and may he ever reign in the hearts of his people.
The *Queen*—and may she ever retain the affections of her
grateful subjects.

The *Prince of Wales*—and may he be the heir apparent to a
British Crown of glory and happiness.

The *Duke of York*—and may he ever espouse the cause of true liberty, and crush that of despotism.

Lord Hoqd and the brave French royalists.

May the French know *Horae* to be the conqueror of the seas.
The wooden walls of Old England.

The liberty of the Press without licentiousness.

May the opening bud of liberty never be blighted by the chilling blasts of despotism.

Peace, liberty, and liberality throughout the world.

The King—and long may he remain the pillar of our glorious Constitution.

May the endeavours of despots to enslave mankind ever meet with disgrace and overthrow.

May success attend us, whilst we continue to deserve it.

Provision to the unprovided.

May reason guide the helm when passion blows the gale.

Youth without folly and age without pain.

May those who would enslave, become slaves themselves.

Love and the bottle, when by sincerity we deserve the one and temperance the other.

May the fowers of sedition ever meet with disgrace and overthrow.

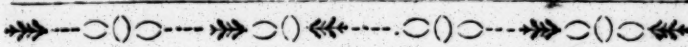
May the glowing and invigorating sun of liberty spread its enlivening influence throughout the world.

To every fair face a fair heart.

Love's purest bliss to him who virtue guides,

'Tis muddy dregs to where soul lust resides.

May honesty, virtue, and genius rise to power and honours,
whilst roguery, folly, and vice sink into shame and disgrace.

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SELECT COUNTRY DANCES, FOR 1795.

Lord Moira's Fancy.

FIRST couple hands three round with the second lady ; the same with the second gentleman, lead down the middle, up again ; right and left.

The First of June.

Change sides and back again ; right hands across, left hands, back again ; cross over one couple ; right and left.

Mrs. Coleman's Delight.

First gentleman turn the second lady ; first lady turn the second Gentleman ; cross over one couple ; right and left.

The Honours of War.

Three ladies take hands and go round the three gentlemen ; three gentlemen go round the three ladies ; lead down the middle, up again and cast off ; allemande with your partner.

Major Graham's Fancy.

Cast off two couple, up again, lead down the middle, up again ; turn corners ; lead outsidcs.

The Rowing Match.

The first gentleman swing the second lady with his right hand ; then his partner with his left ; first lady do the same ; lead down the middle ; up again and cast off ; hands six, quite round.

The Birth Day.

Change sides and back again ; lead down the middle ; up again to the top ; three couple promenade round : two couple pouffet.

Bridgewater Camp.

First gentleman foot and change places with the second lady; the lady do the same with the second gentleman; lead down the middle; up again and cast off; hands four at bottom, right and left at top.

The Mountaineers.

Change sides and back again; hands across, and back again; lead down the middle, up again and cast off; right and left.

Captain Pellew's Delight.

First couple set to the second lady; hand three round; he same to the second gentleman; lead down the middle, up again and cast off; allemande with your partner.

Admiral Macbride's Fancy.

The first and second couple set hands across; the same back again; lead down the middle; up again and cast off; allemande.

The Toy.

Right hands across, left hands back again; lead down the middle up again; allemande with your partner; hands six round.

La Fricassée Dance.

Balance and right hands across half round; balance and left hands back again; lead down the middle; up again; hands six quite round.

Sherringham Hall.

First couple turn the second lady; same with the second gentleman; lead down the middle; up again; right and left.

Sir Sidney Smith's Delight.

Hey contrary sides; hey on your own sides; lead down the middle, up again, hands six quite round.

Mr. Slack's Figg.

Three ladies go round the three gentlemen; three gentlemen go round the three ladies; lead down the middle, up again and cast off; hands six round.

T H E E N D.

